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MRS. DYMOND.

CHAPTER IX.

JOSSELIN'S STEPMOTHER.

It was not in Susanna's nature to dwell upon vague and melancholy suggestions. With the morning came a hopeful aspect of things, a burst of sunshine and youthful spirits. Crowbeck, notwithstanding the heavy cornices and hangings, began to look more homelike. The new mistress of the Place was down betimes; her presence seemed already to brighten everything. She went out into the garden for a few minutes before breakfast; as she stood on the lawn in her fresh morning dress the light seemed to set her hair aflame. The hills across the water seemed to be touched with some gentle mood of rainbow light. The green slopes beyond the lake were green, soft, silent as the sward on which she stood. George Tyson and his father came striding up from the boat-house across the dewy fields, trudging upon daisy-flowers with their heavy, hobnailed boots; the little calves ran to meet them with playful starts and caresses. Jock, the sheep dog, leapt a fence and darted off after some imaginary sheep. Then came Jo, advancing from beyond the trees, with his rod and with fish in his basket.

"Good morning," said Jo. "Look here, I caught all these up by my No. 307.—VOL. LII.

uncle's boat-house this morning. Tempy was out; she seems all right again. Aunt Fanny is always making scares about nothing at all."

Susy longed to ask more about Tempy and Aunt Fanny and life at Bolsover, but she found it difficult to frame her questions. Jo also seemed anxious to explain and yet reluctant to speak; he, too, had something on his mind.

"I am afraid your sister is very unhappy," said Susanna at last.

"They are both very unhappy," said Jo; then, with a heroic effort, for he did not like to hurt his pretty, shy stepmother, who seemed to him very gentle and only anxious to do for the best, notwithstanding all family warnings and ominous suggestions to the contrary. "I think," said Jo, turning red and looking into his basket, "if you had known more of Charlie you would have advised my father differently."

"I!" said Susy. "I never——" then she stopped short. She was a new-made wife and not yet used to her position, was it for her to disclaim all responsibility in her husband's actions? What did wives do under such circumstances? Susy, in her perplexity, fell back upon another question. "What has your cousin done to trouble your father so much?" she asked, also with eyes cast down.

"He has been a fool," said Jo.

"He has spent his own money, and he once got me to back a lame horse—papa never could forgive that. I think this is about the worst, except that row at Oxford, when Charlie was caught and the others got off; and—and I'm afraid there was something else in London," added Jo. "Papa tells me he was seen drinking, but Charlie was so cut up, poor fellow, he hardly knew what he was about."

"One can't wonder at your father's anxiety," said Mrs. Dymond gravely. "I saw your cousin for a moment in London. I felt very sorry for him."

Somehow, as Jo talked on, little by little she began to find her sympathies enlisted on Charlie's side. "Poor fellow!" she said pityingly, forgetting her own determination to blame.

"There goes Hicks; papa has done his business. I must get ready for breakfast," cries Josselin, abruptly disappearing as the bailiff issued from the study window. The Colonel followed.

"Mr. Hicks, I want to introduce you to my wife," said Colonel Dymond, seeing Susanna there; and Mr. Hicks, a friendly, brown, tattered man, who seemed bailiff to many winds and storms and moors, made a clumsy, smiling salutation to the smiling, graceful young lady.

The new family breakfasted as they had dined, in a triangle at the round table.

Susy poured out tea from behind the old-fashioned silver urn. The colonel looked round, satisfied, dissatisfied.

"The place seems empty without Tempy," said he. "You saw her this morning, Jo; when is your sister coming back?"

Jo didn't answer; he was not at ease with his father.

"I am afraid, from what Jo tells me, that she is very unhappy indeed," said Susy, blushing up; "that is why she keeps away. She cannot bear to—
to differ from you. John, don't you

think—do you really think—there is no hope at all for them? Is it possible," she continued bravely, "that we may have done your nephew injustice? Boys are thoughtless and inexperienced, but Charles Bolsover seems to feel everything very deeply, and sincerely to love Tempy very, very much."

"My dear Susanna, my dear woman," said the colonel gravely, putting down his paper and looking fixedly at her, "pray do not let me hear you speak in this way again. Josselin," with a stern glance at his son, "has no doubt influenced you. Do you suppose he cares more than I do for his sister's ultimate happiness? It is no kindness on his part or on yours to interfere—to urge me to consent to Tempy's life-long misery. My duty as a father, and as head of the family, is to decide upon what seems to me best and right for my children and for their good. Do you know that this fellow is a gambler, a drunkard? He was seen drunk in a public eating-house in London the very night he had asked me for my child in marriage. Tempy's husband must be a good, true man she can look up to—a trustworthy, upright man, who will love her and make her happy and respected. You, Susy, know but too well the suffering that a man with a low standard of honour can inflict upon a high-minded lady." (Susy turned crimson; she could not answer.) "We all have to face the truth and to act for the best," said the colonel. "I am sorry to speak of my own nephew so harshly, but I look upon Charles as an adventurer and not uninfluenced by mercenary motives. Why should I refuse my consent if I trusted him, or believed him in the least worthy of Tempy?"

"Papa," cried Jo, hotly, "indeed you are unjust to poor Charlie. He is desperately in love; he has been silly; he has no interested motives."

"I beg you will drop the subject, Jo," said the colonel, testily. "It is

not your affair, it is mine and Tempy's. Charles Bolsover is penniless, except for what the Bolsovers may be able to do for him. Tempy is rich, as girls go. Even without your share of my property, the interest of your poor mother's money now amounts to a considerable sum, and, by the way," said the colonel, glad to change the subject, "I shall have to get you to help me, Jo, as soon as you are of age, to make a provision for Susy here, who hasn't any expectations or settlements," said the colonel, smiling and softening, "and who would be poorly left if anything happened to me." The colonel, as elderly people are apt to do, rather enjoyed discussing such eventualities; neither Susy nor Jo found any pleasure in the conversation.

"Tempy doesn't want to be rich any more than I do; she only wants to marry Charlie," grunts Jo, awkwardly, getting up and preparing to leave the room.

And Susy meanwhile sat silent, looking at the walls of the room, at the Landseer stags, the showy Italian daubs, the print of the passing of the Reform Bill, with all our present Nestors and Ulysses as spruce young men in strapped trousers; then she slowly turned her eyes upon her husband, as he stood with his back to the chimney, erect and martial even in retreat. Colonel Dymond was making believe to read the paper which had just come, in reality greatly agitated though he looked so calm.

He was one of those people who, having once made up their minds, never find any great reasons to alter them unless some stronger will enforces the change. When Susy looked up with tears in her eyes, all troubled by his severe tone, her sweet, anxious, shy look seemed to absolve him, and it won his forgiveness, only Susy could not quite forgive herself.

John Dymond was a weak man, kind-hearted, hot-headed, honourable, and both obstinate and credulous, and

created to be ruled. For some years after his first wife's death he had constituted Aunt Fanny into a sort of directress—her unhesitating assumption suited some want in his nature at the time—perhaps of late he had changed in this respect. It most certainly still suited Miss Bolsover that people should do as she told them. She should have been abbess of a monastery, prime minister of some kingdom where women govern the state. She had not imagination enough to correct the imperiousness of her nature, whereas Susanna had too much to allow freedom to her actions, and so to-day again she gave in with a sigh and pressed her husband no more; the power of sulking persistence which some people can wield was not hers. That gift of adaptiveness which belonged to Susanna Dymond, led her to acquiesce in the conclusions of those she loved.

Tempy did not come back, and the colonel said he should go over to Bolsover and see her there and make further arrangements; Susy begged to be left at home. She spent the morning unpacking, settling down, exploring her domain. She had a grand bedroom, with cornices, red damask curtains, and solemn mahogany furniture to match, there were prints of the Duke and Duchess of Kent on the wall, and of the Queen as a pretty little girl with a frill and a coral necklace. The young mistress of Crowbeck looked about, wandering along the passages of her new kingdom followed by an obsequious housemaid, who led her from room to room. Then she came back to her own pretty boudoir, where Susy's prints and her various possessions were lying ready to be set out: among them was that old drawing of Naomi and Ruth from Madame du Parc's; how well she remembered it!

Josselin came up to her later in the day as she stood complacently among her girlish treasures. He gave a

quick, asking look. Susy shook her head—"Your father is gone over to the Hall to see Tempy—he ordered his horse just now. He *must* know best," she repeated with some effort; "we must trust to him, Jo."

"We can't help ourselves," said Josselin. Then he added shyly, "Would you care to come out with me, Mrs. Dymond?" (He had elected to call her Mrs. Dymond.) "I shall have to be back at my tutor's to-morrow, but I should like to show you about the Place to-day. Tempy told me she might be over in Tarndale—I could row you across." As he spoke some breeze came into the room, the whole lake seemed to uprise with an inviting ripple, and through the open window the distant shriek of the railway reached them from the station in the garden of sweetbriar.

"That is the afternoon up-train," said Jo in a satisfied tone. "Charlie is gone back in it. I did not like to tell papa, it would have vexed him too much. I thought how it was when Tempy went off to the Hall last night. . . . She knew he would be coming."

"Oh, my dear Josselin, how wrong—how could she!" cried Susy. "Oh, Josselin, my dear Josselin, why didn't you warn us?"

"He is gone again," said Jo doggedly; "it was only to say good-by, poor fellow." And, as the young step-mother, troubled, bewildered, began to exclaim: "Don't you tell papa," her stepson interrupted. "You only know it because I thought I could trust you. You will get me into no end of trouble, and poor Tempy has enough to bear as it is. Let Aunt Fanny tell papa. She sent for Charlie, not I."

This was true enough, but Susanna felt somehow as if the whole thing was confused and wrong, and jarring upon her sense of right and family honour. "Listen," she said with some spirit; "if ever Charlie comes here again, I *shall* tell your father. This time I do not feel as if I could inter-

fere. But even at the risk of getting into trouble, Jo, we cannot all be living in his house, acting parts and deceiving him. It is not for Tempy's happiness or yours or mine."

"I know that," said the young man impatiently. "Come along, I will show you the way to the boat-house."

CHAPTER X.

THREE ON A HILL-SIDE.

MEANWHILE poor Tempy sits high up on the mountain-side, on a spur of the "old man" that overhangs the village, and stares at the distant line of rail in the valley by which Charlie is travelling away. The little brook ripples by her with many sweet contentful sounds and chords, then a fresh breeze stirs the leaves of the oak trees round about, and many noises come to her with the rising breeze—the clang of the blacksmith's forge from the village below, and the cheerful voices of the school children striking like a sort of sunshine from beyond the wood; a cock sets the wild echoes flying, then a cow passes lowing across the road from one sloping pasture to another, followed by its calf, hurrying into green safety. The soft full wind of autumn seems suddenly to gain in life and will; it blows up the ascent into Tempy Dymond's face, which looks so changed, so haggard; it shakes the folds of her serge dress, together with the foxgloves and the straggling weeds that fringe the stream. Rain clouds are gathering overhead, and the rocks and boulders look grey and bright in turn amid the heather. Tempy, as she sits there, listless and depressed, can see the village below still bathed in sunshine, and the team of horses winding round the hill, and the water of the lake lying bright and restful, and a boat zig-zagging across from the Place. The boat disappears behind an elder bush, and Tempy, high perched, looking *down* upon her own short life, as it were, goes back to that day which will never be over any

more, when she, too, rowed in the boat—with Charlie—that happy wondrous day, to be so soon clouded and followed by parting. But she had seen him once more, with his pale, changed looks and faithful tender vows and protests. "She would wait a life-time," thought Tempy; "in time her father, surely, surely, would relent."

Meanwhile the boat has crossed the lake among the last, lingering swallows flying in sudden curves, the sculls dip the placid surface of the water, the boat's head thuds against the end of a long wharf. Jo first hooks the rusty chain to a convenient block of wood, then he gallantly hands out his pink dimity stepmother, who has been sitting in the bow, dreadfully frightened, but prepared to enjoy herself nevertheless. Susy still practised that sensible, youthful privilege of enjoying the present whenever the sun shone upon it, and leaving the shadowy ghosts and omens of apprehension to take care of themselves. Jo led the way across the flat and by the little village built upon the stream, looking about him for his sister. The place seemed deserted; the men were at work in the fields and in the mines, the women were busy indoors. They met no one but Tim and Tom Barrow, who both stared and curtsied, as they had been taught to do by their mother.

"Have you seen Miss Tempy, Tim?" says Josselin.

"I-sá-err-a-gwoan-oop-t'-Auld-Mann," says little Tim, all in one word, "aafter Mr.Charles-gotten-into-t'-Barrow-train."

"Can you understand him?" Susy asked, laughing.

"Yes," says Jo. "He says she is gone on."

Susy trustfully followed her new stepson, holding up her pink dress. Their way lay through a farm-yard at the end of the village, where cocks and hens were pecking, and some lazy, comfortable cows were bending their meek horns over a trough supplied

by the running stream. Beyond the farm was a little climbing wood of ferns and ling—a wonder of delicate woodland—all in motion, all in life.

"What a lovely green place!" cries breathless Susy. "Jo, please, don't go quite so quickly. Is this the foot of the mountain?"

"Why, you are no good at all," says Jo, looking round. "Tempy can go twice as quick."

"I am very sorry," says Mrs. Dymond, laughing, and coming out of the shadow of the wood, and finding herself in the dazzling brightness of the mountain side.

The crest of the Tarnedale "Old Man" towered overhead, the shadows of the clouds were crawling along its rocks and heathery flanks, the foreground opened out shining, beautiful boulders of purple rock were lying on the smooth turf, the stream hurried by, the air became keener and more keen, the country changed as they climbed, the nearer hills seemed to shift their place, to melt into new shapes; under their feet sparkled ling, flowers, specks—delicate points of colour. Susanna's cheeks glowed. There was something exhilarating in the sense of the quiet moor all round about, of the wide fresh air, and the racing clouds overhead.

"There she is," said Jo, suddenly. "I thought we should come upon her."

And so it happened, that Tempy, looking down from a rock above, sees the heads of two figures against the sky coming straight upon her from the valley. She cannot escape.

Why will not they leave her alone! All she wants is to be alone, to live over poor Charlie's parting looks and words an hour ago. How can they ask her to be smiling and complaisant and indifferent, they who are all happy and contented and together, while she is lonely and forlorn! and then as Tempy looks up defiantly she sees them close both beside her. There is Jo with his friendly, home-like looks, and Susy, silent, shy, with those appealing

glances, which Tempy scarcely knows how to escape.

The girl flushed up, and turned away; she would not meet Susy's eyes.

"Here you are!" says Jo, cheerfully. "I thought we should find you here."

"What have you come after me for?" says the girl, at bay. "Why won't you leave me? I came here to be alone, Jo. I am too unhappy to be able to pretend, that is why I keep away," says Tempy, trembling excessively. "Why do you bring Susanna? If it had not been for her, my father would never have interfered—never, never. Oh, it is cruel—cruel!" Then she turned desperately upon Susy herself: "Tell papa he can prevent our marriage, but what I am, what I feel, belongs to me and to Charlie—not to you or to him," cries the girl, something in her old natural voice and manner.

After all, it was a comfort to her to speak—to complain, to upbraid, to be angry.

As for Susy, she flushed up and sighed, she did not know how to answer her stepdaughter's passionate appeal. Poor little Tempy!

"O Susy," Tempy continued, relenting, "I thought you would have helped us—I thought"—she burst into tears.

"You are all wrong, you know," said Jo. "Mrs. Dymond did her very best to help you. Don't cry, Tempy."

How different words are out of doors on a mountain side to words shaped by walls and spoken behind doors! Jo's matter-of-fact, Susanna's simple eloquence of looks, of pitiful feeling, touched Tempy more than any elaborate words, to which indeed she could scarcely have listened at first.

"Your father would consent if only he thought it right," Susanna was saying at last. "He knows—he *must* know better than you or I what is best. Ah, you don't know," she said, speaking not without that personal feeling which gives so much meaning to the most common-place

expressions, "you must never, never know, Tempy, what it is to be linked with a man for whom you are ashamed, whose life is one humiliation. I have lived this life," said Susy, turning very pale. "I know what your father dreads for you, and that even his dread is not so terrible as the reality. I bore it a year; my mother has lived it ever since I can remember," her voice faltered. Tempy looked hard at Susy, and now it was Susy who began to cry.

"You don't understand, any of you—nobody can understand anything for anybody else," Tempy repeated doggedly; "but I should like to be with papa again, and with you, Susy; only promise me to say nothing hard of Charlie—not a word—I cannot bear it, I will not bear it, I never will."

"O Tempy, that you may be sure of," said Susy, eagerly, "only come!" and she took the girl's not unwilling hand.

The three walked back in silence, Jo jogging a-head with his hands in his pockets, not absolutely satisfied with this compromise, and sorely tempted to whistle. Susanna and her stepdaughter, hand in hand, following silent, but reconciled in that odd intangible way in which people sometimes meet in spirit after a parting perhaps as silent and unexplained as the meeting.

Some great events had been going on meanwhile overhead, the clouds were astir beyond the crests of the hills. Vapours were rising from behind vapours, strange shrouded figures were drifting and flying across the heavens, steeds and warriors followed by long processions of streaming fantastic forms; while the southern hills were lying in a golden stillness, the head of the valley was purple, black—angry. The summit of the mountain was half hidden in mysterious rolling clouds. Sometimes from one break and another break in the rolling clouds, yellow streams of gold seemed battling with

the vapours; you might almost imagine the wonderful, radiant figure of the lawgiver coming down out of the glorious haze.

"We had better make haste," said Jo; "it looks like a storm," and he trudged faster and faster. The cows were whisking their tails and crowding together in the meadow as they crossed by a stile and a short cut back to the farm again. The opposite side of the lake above Crowbeck was calm and bright, with the sky showing through soft mists, midday shining through silver. They come round by the village with its straggling lodging-houses, built of country stone, with slated roofs from the quarries. Mrs. Tyson looks out from one of the cottages and drops a smiling curtesy; it is civilised life again after the solemn mountain side.

Doctor Jeffries dashes by in his gig. "You must make haste," he cries, flourishing his whip; "the storm is coming."

Then they meet George Tyson from the Place, coming with bread and provisions in a basket.

"Come down and help to shove off the boat, George," says Tempy, who, as usual, gives her orders with great authority, and so they come again to the sandy shore.

"Ye'll ha'e nobbut time to get hoam before the storm," says George, pushing them off with a mighty heave.

It took all Jo's strength to get the boat across, for the breeze was freshening every moment.

The colonel was waiting anxiously at the other end. He helped out his wife with anxious care. "Jo, you should have come home by the road," he said severely. He held Tempy's hand for a minute as he helped her out. "I wanted you home, my dear," he said.

"Papa, I am glad to come home, but I shall never change to Charlie," said Tempy, looking hard at her father.

The colonel's face grew set and black—"I am sorry to hear it," he answered,

and he dropped her hand, and turned abruptly away and walked a-head with Susy. The storm broke before they reached the house.

After her first warm greeting the girl seemed to draw back. She did not sulk, she did not refuse to join them, but every day seemed to divide her more and more from her father and step-mother. She used to go for long walks across the moors and come back tired and pale and silent. She took to sewing, a thing she had never cared for in her life, and she would sit stitching all the evening silent, gloomy; no longer monopolising the talk with cheerful vehemence, scarcely hearing what was said. Miss Bolsover used to come constantly then, and Tempy would brighten up a little. One day Susy came in and found them sitting hand in hand by the fire. Tempy seemed to be in tears, Miss Bolsover was wiping them with her lace pocket-handkerchief. Aunt Fanny looked up with her usual flutter as Susy came in.

"You musn't mind her liking to tell me her little troubles," she said.

"Tempy knows well enough I don't," said Susy, with a sigh.

"She must come and stay at the Hall; we know how to cheer her up," Aunt Fanny continued.

Susy looked at her. Miss Bolsover turned away with a faint giggle. Generous eyes have looks at times which malicious orbs cannot always meet.

CHAPTER XI.

DAY BY DAY.

THERE are bits of life which seem like a macadamised road. The wheels of fortune roll on, carrying you passively away from all that you have done, felt, said, perhaps for years past; fate bears you on without any effort of your own, you need no longer struggle, the road travels into new regions, time passes and the hours strike on, and; new feelings and

new unconceived phases while you rest passively with your companions. Perhaps meanwhile some of us have left the romantic passes and horizons of youth behind, we may have reached the wider, more fertile plains of middle life.

Susy, who was young still, embraced the calm of middle age with something like passion. By degrees she took the present in, and realised little by little where she was, who she was, how things were, in what relations the people among whom her lot was cast all stood to one another. She realised her husband's tender pride and affection for herself, and his anxious love for his children; realised the deep pain and bewilderment which any estrangement between Crowbeck Place and Bolsover Hall would be to him. Susy no longer wondered, as she used to do in Paris, that the kind old colonel had not become more intimate with his son and daughter; he loved them and they loved him, but too many rules and trivial punctualities seemed to stand in the way of their ease. It is as little possible to be quite natural with a person who is nervously glancing at the clock to see if it is time to do something else as it is to write unreservedly to a friend who docketts and dates your letters for future publication, or to talk openly to a superior whom you must not contradict. For Susy there was rest in these minor details, after her chaotic experience, the order, the tranquillity of all this suited her, and she tried more and more to suit herself to her husband's ways and habits, to show by her life the warm and loving gratitude she felt in her heart. When Susanna Dymond first came to Tarn-dale as a bride she was not less handsome than Mr. Bolsover had remembered her at Vivian Castle; she was tall and harmonious in her movements, specially when she was at her ease, her face was of changing colour, her eyes were clear like two mountain

pools, her brown hair was thick and soft, the tint of the bracken in autumn, as the squire once gallantly said, with all the lights in it. There were two Susannas some people used to think, one young and girlish, with a sweet voice and smile, with a glad and ready response for those who loved her; the other Susanna was Mrs. Dymond, stately, reserved, unexceptionable, but scarcely charming any more.

As the days passed on the neighbours began to drive up by basketfuls and carriagefuls to make the acquaintance of the new lady of Crowbeck. Some came in boats, some on foot, some on horseback to pay their respects to the bride. They would be ushered into the drawing-room, with the glimpse of the lake without, with the stuffed birds and gorgeous chintzes within — those remaining tokens of Aunt Fanny's Oriental fancy. Not unfrequently the colonel would come in from his study, looking pleased and ready to receive his friends' congratulations, "brushed up" was the verdict passed upon the colonel. Miss Bolsover also was not unfrequently present, ready to meet the guests with a sad deprecatory smile, as if their visits were intended for a condolence to herself. Tempy, who kept out of the way, was pronounced "dreadfully changed," and finally the bride herself was to be commented on as she sat there, placid, reserved, in smartest Paris fashions.

Susy puzzled other people besides her neighbours, who hardly knew as yet what to think of her. To please her husband, who liked his wife to hold her own, to be respected as well as admired, she tried to cultivate a stiff and measured manner, something in the style of her own newly-bought silks and laces; she had lost her girlish look of wondering confidence and simplicity, nobody to see her would imagine that she had ever lived in anything but county society of the most orthodox description. Alone

with Jo and Tempy, or walking in sunshine by the green shore of the lake, she would forget this lay figure, made up of manners and fashions, but at the first sound of wheels in the distance all our Cinderella's grace of youth and gaiety vanished, all her bright gala looks were gone; there she stood in milliner's rags and elaborate tatters, and fashionable bones, prim and scared and blurred by the decorum which oppressed her.

At Paris Colonel Dymond had laid his old habits and associations aside, but here, in his old surroundings, with Miss Fanny's pink eye to mark anything new or amiss, his idiosyncrasies returned with a renewed force. Meanwhile, however wanting Susanna might seem to Miss Bolsover's ideas, to Miss Trindle's the vicar's daughter, or to Mrs. Jeffries the doctor's wife, Mrs. Dymond appeared the very personification of calm and successful prosperity. She was handsome without expression, well-dressed without much taste. She had been used to consult the colonel latterly about her dress, finding her own fancies for the picturesque not approved. Her clothes were expensive, her shoes were French, her gloves were always buttoned, her manners were well-made county manners, composed and somewhat starched. This was the Susanna of the neighbours, and many a girl envied her; but this was not the home Susanna, who, little by little, day by day, and hour after hour melted and warmed and thawed the hearts of the two young people who had met her with such scrutinising looks and divided minds. How often Susy in her early married days had suffered from those glances. Jo had relented from the first moment he saw her standing shyly in the drawing-room, but Tempy used to have strange returns of suspicion. And whenever Susy by chance met one of Tempy's doubtful scrutinising looks she would shrink up suddenly into herself. Or if Mrs. Bolsover came in severe and incoherent, or, worse still, if it was Miss

Bolsover sneering and civil, then the new married wife would turn into a sort of statue. Susanna used to feel the cold strike upon her heart, her blood seemed to creep more and more slowly in her veins, and her voice died away.

She rarely said much in company, for she had lived among talkative people all her life, but with these two women present she became utterly silent. Her nature was not an outgoing one, but very deep in its secret fidelity and conviction. She was not timid exactly, and yet she was apt to be too easily impressed and frightened by the minor details of life. She did not hold her own, when other more self-important people were ready to thrust themselves into her rightful place. She could not ignore the opposition which from the very first had met her, but she never spoke of it. She had a curious, instinctive sense of the rights of those she lived with. She dreaded to jar upon them, to be the cause of trouble or discussion. And little by little she got into a habit of always looking to her husband for a signal. He led the way, he started the conversation, he invited the people who came to the house—Dowagers from neighbouring dower-houses, well to do magnates, respectable rectors and rectresses, colonels and generals of his own standing. With the colonel's old companions Susy felt more at her ease than with any one else. These comrades in arms were invariably charmed with Mrs. Dymond's grace and gentle temper; no wonder they lost their hearts to the beautiful young creature, so sweet to look upon, so modest and ready to listen to their martial prose.

"Just listen to her talking about the Punjaub," says Tempy, in amazement to her brother.

Tempy used to wonder more and more about Susy. She seemed no longer able to understand her. But perhaps the truth was that Miss Tempy had never much troubled herself to understand her at all

hitherto. She used to speculate about Susy now with an odd mixture of affection, of pride, and jealous irritation. "Was she really happy? did Susy really care for her father? Was it for his money, Jo—as Aunt Fanny declares—or was it from affection of us all that she married him?"

"What does it matter," Jo answers, impatiently. "You and Aunt Fanny are always for skinning a person alive, and I hate talking about people I'm fond of."

As for the colonel, he did not understand much, but he was delighted with everything Susy did, whether she spoke to others or held her peace. Because he loved her so well, because he spent his money so freely upon her, because she was so good a wife, he took it for granted she was a happy one. Susy never seemed otherwise to any one else, she appeared free to do as she liked in most things, or to submit with good-will to her husband and her sisters-in-law. When these ladies contradicted or utterly ignored her, she would smile good-humouredly; and yet in her heart she now and then had experienced a strange feeling that she scarcely realised, something tired, desperate, sudden, unreasonable, almost wicked—the feeling she thought must go, and she would forget it for a time, and then suddenly there it was again.

"What is it, my dear, is the room too hot?" said the colonel one day, seeing her start up. Miss Bolsover was explaining some details she wished changed in the arrangements at the Place; his back had been turned, and he had not noticed Susy's growing pallor.

"Nothing, nothing," says Susy, and she got up, but as she passed him took his hand in hers and kissed it, and went out of the room.

She hurried up stairs into her own room, she sank into the big chair, she burst into incoherent tears. Then when she had gulped them down she went to the basin and poured water to wash her troubles away—her troubles

—her ingratitude! John who has been so kind, John so generous and good, was this how she, his wife, should requite him for his endless kindness and benefits? By secret rebellion, unkindness, opposition? Ah, no, never, never, thought the girl. And the young wife, whose only wish was to spare her faithful, chivalrous old colonel, did that which perhaps must have hurt and wounded him most of all had he known it. She was not insincere, but she was not outspoken, she did not say all she felt, she put a force and a constraint upon herself, crushed her own natural instincts, lived as she thought he expected her to live, was silent where she could not agree, obliged herself to think as he did, and suffered under this mental suicide.

There is something to me almost disloyal in some of the sacrifices which are daily made by some persons for others who would not willingly inflict one moment's pang upon any human creature, how much less doom those dearest to them to the heavy load of enforced submission, to a long life's deadening repression.

"I for one don't pretend to know what Susanna means or wishes," says Aunt Fanny.

But although Miss Bolsover did not understand, my heroine in the course of her life changed not, and therefore often changed; she was loyal and therefore she was faithless; loyal in her affection, faithless in her adherence to the creeds of those she loved. When she was young she believed and she doubted, when she was older she doubted less, but then she also believed less fervently; but in one thing at least she was constant, and that was in her loving fidelity and devotion to those whose interests were in her keeping.

People did not always do her justice. Max du Parc was one of these. During the following spring, to please Mrs. Marney, his wife's mother, who had written over on the subject, Colonel

Dymond (not over graciously it must be confessed) invited du Parc to spend a night at Crowbeck. The colonel's invitation reached the young man at the Tarndale Inn, where he was staying. He had come there to make an etching of a Turner in the collection at Friar's Tarndale, one of those pictures which M. Hase had been anxious to include in his publication. Max, who had been hard at work for Caron all the winter, and obliged to give up the volumes containing the London galleries, had still found time to superintend a smaller collection of drawings from country houses, and had come North for a few days. He felt some curiosity as to Susy's English home, and did not like to pain her good mother by refusing the Dymonds' somewhat stinted hospitality; so he wrote a note of dry acceptance and walked over to Crowbeck after his day's work, carrying his bag for the night. The party from the Hall had driven over for the occasion, and passed him on the way.

Susy had looked forward with some pleasure to entertaining her French guest, to showing him his own etchings hanging up in her room, to talking over all the events at the villa, and Madame du Parc, and Mdlle. Faillard, and all the rest; but the guest, though brought to Crowbeck, would not talk, he would not be entertained, he came silent, observant, constrained, and alarming; he answered, indeed, when spoken to, but he never looked interested, nor would he relax enough to smile, except, indeed, for a short time when Miss Bolsover graciously and volubly conversed in French with him after dinner. Du Parc left early next morning; Susanna was vaguely disappointed, and a little hurt; his shyness had made her shy; she had scarcely asked any questions she had meant to ask, she had not shown him the drawings she had wanted to show him, she had felt some curious reserve and disapprobation in his manner which had perplexed her.

"It is no use trying to entertain these foreign artists and fellows," said the colonel, a few days after Max's departure. "They want their tobacco, and their pipes, and their liberty; they are quite out of place in a lady's drawing-room over here."

"M. du Parc certainly did not seem to like being here," said Susy, smiling.

"For my part, I like artists," says Miss Bolsover; "and we got on delightfully. I asked him to teach me *argot*; he looked so amused."

"Well, Max!" Mrs. Marney was saying, as she sat under the acacia tree in the little front garden at Neuilly (where the sun was shining so brightly, though its rays were still shrouded in mist by the waters of Tarndale), "tell me all about it! Have you seen my Susy? Is the colonel very proud of her? How did she look? Is she very grand? Is she changed? Wasn't she glad to see an old friend?"

"Yes," said du Parc, doubtfully, and lighting a cigar as he spoke. "She was very polite and hospitable (puff), she is looking forward to your visit (puff, puff), she told me to say so; she sent *amitiés* to my mother (puff); she is changed—she is handsomer than ever; she is richly dressed. Her life seems to be everything that is most respectable and tiresome; she gave me a shake hands; that young miss, her daughter, stared at me as if I was a stuffed animal. The son was away preparing for his college. There was an aunt, a *béguine* lady, who frightened me horribly; an uncle in top-boots, a little man to make you burst with laughing. There was a second aunt, a red, old lady, who was kind enough to interest herself in me, to talk art to me, to take me for a walk in the park. She was even amiable enough to make some sentimental conversation. They are extraordinary, those English. Ah! it is not life among those respectables! it is a funeral ceremony always going on. I give you my word," says Max,

taking his cigar out of his mouth and staring thoughtfully at Mrs. Marney's knitting, "it seemed to me as if I was a corpse laid out in that drawing-room, as if all the rest were mourners who came and stood round about. Madame Dymond, too—she seemed to me only half alive—laid out in elegant cere-clothes."

"Oh, Max, you are too bad!" cries his mother, in English. "How can you talk in that hogly way, making *peine* to Mrs. Marney?"

"No, I don't think it at all nice of you, M. Max!" says Mrs. Marney, reproachfully.

"You are quite right, and I am not nice, and I don't deserve half your kindness," cried the young man, penitently, taking his old friend's hand, and gallantly kissing it.

"Ah, Max would have liked to be before and," said Madame du Parc, laughing. "Susanna is a sweet creature. We must find such another one day for my son."

Max looked black, and walked away into his studio.

CHAPTER XII.

A WELCOME.

BEFORE Susy had been a year at Tarndale she had the happiness of welcoming her mother to her new home. The colonel kept his promise, and, not only the little boys, but Mrs. Marney came over for the summer holidays. Needless to say that it was all the colonel's doing, and that it was not without some previous correspondence with Mr. Marney, who, in return for a cheque, duly received, sent off a model and irreproachable letter to announce his family's departure (*vid* Havre, not by Boulogne, as the liberal colonel had arranged for), and to consult with the colonel about the little boys' future education.

Mr. Marney wrote that Derm had a fancy, so his mother declared at least, for being a doctor. "Charterhouse had

been suggested," says the correspondent, in his free, dashing handwriting. "I do not know if you have heard of my late appointment to the *Daily Velocipede*, and are aware that although I am not immediately able, my dear colonel, to repay you in coin of the realm for that part of your infinite kindness to me and mine which can be repaid by money, yet my prospects are so good and so immediate (the proprietor of my newspaper has written to me lately in very encouraging terms) that I feel I am now justified in giving my boys a gentleman's education, and in asking you to spare no expense (in accordance with my means) for any arrangements you may think fit to make for their comfort and welfare. It is *everything* for them both to get a good start in life. I trust entirely to your judgment and experience. I have been too long a vagabond and absentee myself to be *au fait* with the present requirements. I know it is the fashion to rail against the old-fashioned standard of education, which is certainly not without objections, and yet to speak frankly I must confess to you that, much abused as the time-honoured classics have been, I have found my own smattering of school lore stand me in good stead in my somewhat adventurous career. I am daily expecting a liberal remittance from my proprietors, and when it arrives I will immediately post you a cheque for any extra expense you may have incurred. As for the better part of your help, its chivalrous kindness, and generous friendship, that can never be repaid, not even by the grateful and life-long affection of mine and me.

"Do not hesitate to keep Polly as long as your wife may require her mother's presence. I am used to shift for myself, and though the place looks lonely without the old hen and her chicks, it is perhaps all the better for my work and for me to be thrown on my own resources. A family life, as you yourself must have often found when engaged on" (here Mr. Marney rather at a loss for a word had erased

"military" and written "serious") "matters is a precious but a most distracting privilege. May your own and Susanna's present and future prospects be continued, and afford you all that even your kind heart should require for its complete satisfaction. And above all remember that you are *to keep my wife as long as you need her.* I shall not run over with them. With all my regard and admiration for your country and its institutions I do not wish for the present to set foot on English soil. The wrongs of my own down-trodden Ireland would cause the very stones to rise up in my pathway. I can also understand my poor wife's dislike to her native land after all that we endured while we still lived in London. When I compare this cheerful place, the brightness of the atmosphere, and the cheapness of provisions, with the many difficulties we have had to struggle through before we came, I feel how wisely for ourselves we acted in turning our back upon the 'ould counthree.' The one doubt we have ever felt was on the boys' account, and this doubt your most wise and opportune help has now happily solved. Believe me, my dear colonel, with deep and lasting obligation,

"Yours most faithfully,
"MICHAEL MARNEY."

Mr. Marney's letters need not be quoted at length. The colonel used to read them with some interest and a good deal of perplexity, date them gravely and put them away in a packet. Susy shook her head when her husband once offered to show them to her. One day, not very long afterwards, with a burst of tears, she found them in a drawer, and she threw the whole heap into the fire.

Towards the end of June, therefore, Mrs. Marney, smiling and excited, in her French bonnet and French cut clothes, and the little boys, with their close cropped heads, arrived and settled down into the spare rooms at Crow-

beck. Jo took the little boys under a friendly wing, and treated them to smiling earth, to fresh air and pure water, and fire too, for a little rabbit shooting diversified their fishing expeditions, so did long walks across the moors. The two little fellows trudged after their guide prouder and happier than they had ever been in all their life before. Susy was very grateful to Josselin for his kindness. Tempy was absorbed, the Marneys coming made no difference to her one way or the other. If the colonel had not been so preoccupied about his wife he must have noticed how ill the girl was looking. But almost directly after Mrs. Marney's arrival another personage of even greater importance appeared upon the scene, and a little girl lay in Susy's happy arms.

This little daughter's birth brought much quiet happiness to the Place. The colonel used to come up and stand by the pink satin cradle with something dim in his steel-grey eyes. "Dear little thing," says Mrs. Bolsover one day, following close upon her brother and speaking in her deepest voice, "what a lovely child, John. What shall you call her?"

"I—I don't know," says the colonel; "Frances, Caroline, are pleasing names."

"I should call her little bright eyes," says Mrs. Bolsover severely. "Look here, Fanny" (to Miss Bolsover, who had also come up); "just look at this dear infant, is it not a lovely child?"

"Excuse me, my dear Car, you know I'm an old maid and no judge of babies," says Miss Bolsover airily. "It seems a nice little creature. Here, here, hi, hi," and she began rattling her *châtelaine* in the child's eyes, woke it up and made it cry, to the no small indignation of the nurse. "A pretty little thing, but not good-tempered, and dreadfully delicate," was Miss Bolsover's description of her infant niece. The report came round to poor Susy after a time, and might

have frightened her if her mother had not been there to re-assure her. Mrs. Bolsover's speech also came round in that mysterious way in which so many insignificant things drift by degrees. Susy and her mother between them determined that the baby should be called bright eyes. Euphrasia was to be the little creature's name.

How happy Susy was all this time; the day seemed too short to love her baby, she grudged going to sleep for fear she should dream of other things. It was no less a joy to her mother to see Susy so happy, though poor Mrs. Marney herself was far from happy; she was unsettled, she was anxious, she was longing to be at home once more. Susy felt it somehow, and dreaded each day to hear her mother say she was going, and anxiously avoided the subject lest her fears should be confirmed. Madame used to write from time to time, and her letters seemed to excite and disturb her friend. "I am not easy about Mick, colonel," Mrs. Marney would say in confidence to her son-in-law; "he is not himself when I am away."

Susanna suffered for her mother silently, guessing at her anxiety, but not liking to ask many questions. She was also vexed by Miss Bolsover's treatment of Mrs. Marney, which was patronising and irritating to an unbearable degree, Susy thought, on the few occasions when she happened to see them together. Mrs. Marney, in her single-hearted preoccupation, seemed absolutely unconscious. Already in those days rumours of war and trouble were arising; they had reached Tarndale, and filled Mrs. Marney with alarm. But what did emperors, county families, plenipotentiaries, Bismarck, Moltke, generals, marshals, matter—what were they all to her compared to one curl of her Mick's auburn hair? "It is not so much his profession that terrifies me, it's his Irish blood, Susy, which leads him into trouble! You English people don't understand what it is to have hot blood boiling in your

veins. Your colonel is not like my husband. I must get home, Susy dear, now that I have seen you with your darling babe in your arms."

Was it possible that Mrs. Marney was more aware of Miss Bolsover's rudeness than she chose to acknowledge? One day, before Susanna was down, when several of the neighbours were present, calling on the colonel, Susanna's mother, in her black dress, had come by chance into the room, followed by the two noisy little boys, and carrying that little sleepy bundle of a Phraisié in her arms; Miss Bolsover, irritated by her presence and the baby's flannels and the comfortable untidiness of the whole proceeding, began making conversation, politely inquiring after Susy, asking Mrs. Marney whether she and her children were contemplating spending the whole summer at Crowbeck. "But it must be a great pleasure to my brother having your boys for so long, and, of course, it is much more convenient for Susy, and less expensive too, than anything else."

"It has been a joy to me to be here, and to welcome my sweet little grandchild," said Mrs. Marney, hugging the baby quite naturally; "and if it had not been for Susy wanting me, and for all the kindness I've met here from the colonel, I should never have kept away from Paris so long. A woman with a home and a husband should be at home, Miss Bolsover; it is only single ladies, like you, that can settle down in other people's houses. I am thankful to see my child happily established in such a warm nest of her own, but, dearly as I love her, I want to get back. Somehow I seem to know by myself how sorely my poor Mick is wanting me," she said, with a tender ring in her voice. The whole sympathy of the room was with the warm-hearted woman. Miss Bolsover was nowhere. The little boys, with their French-cropped heads, suddenly flung their arms round their mother's neck, calling out that she

must not go—that papa must come and live here too. The colonel might have preferred less noise and demonstration in the presence of callers. “Now then, Michael and Dermott, run away, there’s good boys,” said he; “and, my dear Mrs. Marney, I think we will ring for the nurse and send baby up stairs to her mamma. The help and comfort it has been to us having you all this time I leave to your own kind nature to divine.”

As soon as Susy was strong and well again, and the boys had been received at their school, Mrs. Marney departed; nothing would keep her, and the good colonel went up to London to see her safely off, with her French box in the guard’s van, and her friendly, handsome face at the carriage window, smiling and tearful. Poor Mary Marney, what a good soul it is! he thought as he stood on the platform. What an extraordinary and most touching infatuation for that husband of hers!

“Have you got your shawl and your bag? You know you can depend upon us to look after the boys.”

“Good-bye; God bless you, colonel. Write and tell me all about the dear babe,” says Mrs. Marney, leaning eagerly forward from the carriage.

The colonel was already looking at his watch; he was longing to get home. He had only come up from a sense of duty, and because he had some reason to fear that Mrs. Marney had received some slights from other quarters for which he was anxious to make amends. He looked at his watch as the train puffed off with his wife’s mother; at his Bradshaw as soon as her white handkerchief had waved away out of the station. He found that by taking the express he might get home that night by midnight (driving across from Kendal) instead of waiting till the morning. He was too old to wait away from those he loved, he told himself; he longed to see Susy again with little Phrasie in her arms. The colonel called a hansom then and there, dined hurriedly at the hotel, picked up his bag, and drove off to Euston Square station.

To be continued.

FRENCH VIEWS ON ENGLISH WRITERS.

"THE French mind," says a modern observer, "with all its facilities, is not really hospitable. It cannot reproduce the accent of English, German, or Scandinavian thought without alteration and disturbance."

This is one of those judgments which make one think. On the whole there is at the bottom of our English consciousness something which yields assent to it. We who are so ready to believe in the width and the catholicity of our own sympathies, who would smile at the idea that there is anything in French ideas or French literature that we cannot, if we will, understand—we have most of us, at bottom, a rooted belief that the French are by nature incapable of really penetrating the English mind, of understanding our poetry, of appreciating our art, or of estimating the true proportions and relations of qualities in our national genius. We have scarcely brought ourselves to believe even now in the reality of the French admiration of Shakespeare. Voltaire's second period of petulance towards him, which had practically no effect in France, has made a much deeper impression upon us than his first period of appreciation, which had great and lasting consequences. Or even, if the sincerity of the French professions has been admitted, if innumerable translations, the homage of the whole army of the romantics, and the testimony of every French writer of eminence since the Revolution, of whatever shade of thought, have convinced our incredulity as to the reality of our neighbours' enjoyment, we are still inclined to protest that the incapacities of the French language remain, and that when, in these latter days, M. Richepin, a poet and an English scholar, translates

"How now, you secret, black and midnight
lugs,
What is't you do?"

by

"Eh bien, mystérieuses et noires sorcières de
minuit,
Qu'est ce que vous faites?"

he is but furnishing one more proof of that inevitable alienation between the French mind and the English poetic genius which the critic we have quoted attributes to a special quality of the French mind—its "inhospitality," its proneness to misplace and misunderstand the "accents" of other literatures.

Then again we, to whom the real Byron is known, and amongst whom his vogue has diminished to an almost unreasonable extent, we cannot get it out of our heads that he is still the only English poet for whom the French have ever had a real passion. We cannot forget, we find it even hard to forgive, the *naïveté* with which the French took Byron and his despairs entirely at his own valuation, and we smile over the passion with which De Musset reproaches Goethe and Byron for their influence on the century and on him. "Forgive me, great poets,—you are demi-gods, and I am but a child in pain. But as I write, I needs must curse you! Why could you not have sung the perfume of the flowers, the voices of nature, hope and love, the sunshine and the vine, beauty and the blue heaven? I have perhaps felt the weight of griefs to which you were strangers, and still I believe in hope, still I bless God!" Such a passage as this sets one meditating on the weakness of the Byronic influence over our own later poets, on the fugitive and short-lived traces of it, for instance, in the work of the young Tennyson,

who published his first volume of poems only three years after Byron's death, and on the rapidity of its decay in the presence of other and greater forces; and as we recall the French ignorance of Wordsworth, of Keats and Shelley, we feel ourselves again in the presence of a sort of national blunder, of a kind of obtuseness to the characteristic notes of the English genius, which we are inclined to regard as inborn and therefore irremediable.

Is it so? Is there really anything in the literary sphere into which the French mind, that sharp and subtle instrument of which the world has so often felt the edge, whether for good or evil, cannot penetrate if it will? The shallow disproportionate French criticism of the past from which Germany has suffered no less than ourselves, was it not simply the result, not of inherent lack of faculty, but of lack of knowledge? The Frenchman of the eighteenth century, dazzled with his own brilliant tradition, and witness of its effect in other countries than his own, could not easily persuade himself that those other countries had anything worth his serious study in return. The Romantic movement, with all its forcible irregular ways of awakening sympathy and enlarging taste, was needed before the barriers separating France from the rest of the world could be effectually broken through. The rage for Byron, for Walter Scott, for Shakespeare, for Teutonic fancy and Teutonic reverie, which it evoked, might be often unreasoning and ignorant, might be capable at any moment of disturbing or displacing the true "accent" of what it loved and praised, but still it was an expansive educating force, a force of progress. The imaginative tumult of the time was in reality but one aspect of the central scientific impulse, which has in so many ways transformed European thought and life during the century, and those who were born in its midst have passed naturally and

inevitably onward from a first period of stress and struggle, of rich and tangled enthusiasms, into a second period of reflection, assimilation, and research.

Nowadays the French are producing no great poetry and no great art. But in all directions they are learning, researching, examining. Their historical work has caught the spirit of German thoroughness; their art is becoming technical and complicated to an almost intolerable degree; while, in the domain of the novel, the positivist passion of the moment shows itself under the strange and bastard forms of the *roman expérimentale et scientifique*. It is especially in their criticism that the modern spirit, with its determination to see things as they are, independently of convention and formula, and to see them not only from outside, but in all their processes of growth and development, has borne most excellent fruit. One has but to compare Chateaubriand's fantastic and ignorant *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*, with Sainte Beuve's criticisms of Cowper, or Thomson, or Wordsworth, with the work of Montégut or M. Scherer, to realise the modern progress in exactness of knowledge, in conscientiousness of spirit, in plaincy and elasticity of method.

Among living critics M. Scherer is the best successor of Sainte Beuve. He has the same solidity and width of range, the same love for directness and simplicity of style, the same command of striking and felicitous phrases and an element of grace besides, which is not often present in Sainte Beuve's more rapid and continuous critical work. And, to the profit of both countries, his attention has been specially drawn to England and to English subjects. He is, indeed, no stranger among us. We have admitted his claim to be heard among the authorities long ago. "A French critic on Milton," thanks first to Mr. Arnold and then to the intrinsic interest of M. Scherer's work is an old acquaintance to most of those

of us who care for literary matters. Still, books are many and life is short, and French criticism on English subjects, however good, is apt to be more overlooked than it should be in a society which teems with critics, students, and editions of English subjects and English books. Nor has M. Scherer yet collected in book form all or nearly all of those articles on English writers which he has been contributing for years past to the columns of the *Temps*, winding up with the long and elaborate analysis of George Eliot's life and work which has just appeared. In his last published volume, however, which is now three years old, among studies on Zola and Doudan and Renan in his very best vein, there is an article on Wordsworth and another on Carlyle, which are quite enough to keep our special English interest in his critical work alive until that new and fuller series appears for which one would think there was already ample material. If we take these articles, and join to them a recent book by M. James Darmestetter (*Essais de Littérature Anglaise*), and another by M. Gabriel Sarrazin (*Poètes Modernes de l'Angleterre*), we shall find ourselves very well provided with materials for a short analysis and description of the various kinds of criticism now being bestowed on English subjects in France.

For these three writers, M. Scherer, M. Darmestetter and M. Sarrazin, represent three typical modes of modern work. M. Scherer, as we have said, is the successor of Sainte Beuve. His criticism represents that union of adequate knowledge with long training and native literary instinct or *flair*, which belongs only to the first-rate man of letters. It is not only information we get from him; we get a delicate individuality of style and judgment; something both *bien pensé* and *bien dit*. His work is essentially literary; it belongs to the great literary tradition of France; it is stimulated by, and it ministers to that joy

in the things of the mind which is self-sufficient and independent of any scientific or utilitarian object. M. Darmestetter, on the other hand, belongs to that numerous class of workers who represent the scientific side in literature. He is a man of first-rate information, painstaking in all his ways, and gifted quite sufficiently with the higher critical sense to enable him to place his subject in its true relations, and to grasp in it all that is most vital and essential. But he is not a great writer; there is nothing strongly individual either in his judgments or in his way of delivering them; he gives agreeable and adequate expression to the best research or to the general cultivated opinion of the moment on such topics as the stages of Shakespeare's development, or the poetical relations of Wordsworth and Shelley. He says what most cultivated people have come to think, and he says it fluently and with abundant power of illustration. But he has very little distinction, and very few of those strokes of insight, those anticipations of the common judgment which lift a writer well above the average. Occasionally, indeed, especially in the article on Shelley, he attains in separate passages a high level of literary excellence. Still, generally speaking, the book contains a great deal of admirable statement; it is clear, sensible and well-written; but it is not in the author's power, as it is in M. Scherer's, to send us away with those fresh individual impressions which are the product only of the best kind of literary work.

M. Sarrazin's is a very different sort of book. He has certainly no command over the higher criticism, nor has he the wide and exhaustive knowledge of M. Darmestetter. He is an amateur, well meaning and sometimes ingenious; but still an amateur, that is to say, improperly equipped for the work he has undertaken, and setting out with a light heart to perform tasks of which the true range and

proportions are unknown to him. His faults are not so much faults of commission as faults of omission. What he tells us is, generally speaking, fairly well told. The misfortune is, that he has so little idea of the relative value of what he says to all that might be said on a given subject. He chooses Landor, Shelley, Mrs. Browning and Swinburne as four typical modern specimens of the "Anglo-Saxon race," and with them he contrasts Keats and Rossetti as "deviations from the Anglo-Saxon line." How French, one is inclined to say, and how false! There is probably not a single competent English person who, if he were asked to name four typical *English* poets of the century would dream of including Landor and Swinburne and excluding Wordsworth and Tennyson; nor would it enter into any English head to make Landor the typical representative of English classicism, while reckoning Keats, in whom the spirit of the *English renaissance* found renewed and exquisite expression, as a "deviation" from the English line. The whole plan of the book therefore is arbitrary and *voulu*. It is an instance of literary caprice, and, in literature, to make a freak acceptable, one must have either the delicate irony of a Renan or the sheer force of a Carlyle. Above all, one must be sensible that it is a freak, an eccentricity, that one is upholding. One must show a certain bright, defiant consciousness of having left the beaten path, whereas, M. Sarrazin, all the time that he is floundering in misleading cross-roads, so naively believes himself in the broad accepted way, that the reader is necessarily either provoked or amused. The book is an example of a kind of work which though still common enough, is every year becoming less common, both in France and England, as the standard of technical performance in the different branches of intellectual activity is being slowly and laboriously raised. The ingenious amateur,

whether in literature or in science, has less and less chance of success. In one way or another, the public to which he appeals admonishes him as the haughty Hungarian youth admonished the English Dean, who, in a spirit of kindly patronage, was airing his college Latin upon the stranger: *Discamus, et tunc loquamur!*

To return, however, to M. Scherer. The study of Wordsworth with which his last volume opens is a review of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Selections*, and it opens with certain general reflections suggested by sayings or judgments of Mr. Arnold's. In the first place, we have his view of the dictum that "poetry is a criticism of life, under the eternal conditions of poetic truth and poetic beauty." M. Scherer is not quite satisfied with it. He thinks it vague; he wants to know what are the eternal conditions of poetic truth and poetic beauty, and he casts about for a new and more exact definition of "poetry" by which to test Wordsworth's artistic claims.

Finally, he decides that "the poetical element in things is the property they have of setting the imagination in movement, of stimulating it, and suggesting to it much more than is perceived or expressed. The poet is a man who sees by the imagination, and it is the characteristic of imagination to amplify all that it sees and touches; to push back or to efface the limits of things, and so to idealise. It will not do, however, to say that imagination *beautifies*, nor in general to confound the notions of poetry and beauty. A cathedral, for instance, is more poetical than beautiful, while the Parthenon is more beautiful than poetical. Imagination may intensify the horror of a thing as well as its charm.—Poetry, then, is the view of things by the eyes of the imagination, and poetical expression is their reproduction under the form most capable of awakening the imaginative power of the reader. So that the natural language of poetry is a language of

images. Let the reader try to recall to himself the finest passages in his favourite poets, and he will see that it is the choice and the charm of the metaphors and comparisons used which enchant him. . . . And if to the imaginative conception of things you add the expression best fitted to evoke this conception in others, and if you submit this expression to the laws of rhythm, and bestow upon it the cadence which by a secret force of association brings the nervous sensation of the hearer into harmony with the movement of the poet's thought, you will have poetry in the full and concrete sense of the word."

There, then, is M. Scherer's definition, that inevitable definition which every critic must attempt for himself sooner or later. Mr. Arnold's, beside it, has the merit of being terse and easily remembered, and he would perhaps maintain that, as such a complex idea as "poetry" is incapable of exhaustive and satisfactory definition, the best that can be done is to "throw out" something approximate, something suggestive. "*Poetry is a criticism of life.*" It was, in the main, the view of Wordsworth; it is certainly the view of Browning; and whatever may have been the theory of a poet's youth, this tends commonly to become the theory of his maturity. Looking back over our poetical history we see that it expresses one of the two great strains of English poetical thought, the strain of moved philosophical consciousness, so characteristic of the national genius, which dictated Chaucer's "Fle fro the presse and let thy ghost thee lead," or Shakespeare's "Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come," or Sidney's "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust, and thou, my soul, aspire to higher things"—and still breathes through three-fourths of our poetry of the present.

But there is another strain, and for it s definition M. Scherer's phrases

will serve us best, "*Poetry is the view of things by the eyes of the imagination.*" "*The poetic element in things is the property they have of setting the imagination in movement.*" Here you have something which at once brings before us the whole lovely dreamland of English poetry since the days when Chaucer clothed his "Mighty God of Love"

"In silke embroidered ful of grené greves,
In-with a fret of redé rosé leaves,
The freshest syn the world was first
begonne,"

to those when Keats in all the plenitude of his young imagination, sought in the illumined world which it revealed to him, a refuge from the ills of sickness and poverty:

"Yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear
rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read."

From first principles M. Scherer passes on to describe our English poetical development since Byron. He is especially struck by the fluctuations of English taste. "There is no country of the present day in which the succession of dominant poets, and with the succession of poets the succession of influences, tastes, schools, and methods has been as rapid as in England. And the reason is, that in spite of the ideas which our continental ignorance holds on the subject, the English nation is the most poetical nation in Europe, and that, moreover, the English being much greater readers than we, are seized much more frequently with a desire for change and novelty. We are still at Byron in France. But the English have passed

through Byronism long ago." Byron was dethroned by Wordsworth, and Wordsworth by Shelley and Keats, and if Tennyson has not effaced any of his predecessors he has at least "climbed on to their shoulders, and in certain directions reached a higher level than they."

In the course of his sketch of the country M. Scherer expresses several judgments which will hardly pass without remonstrance here. His general tribute to Shelley is warm and eloquent, but still he makes grave reservations. "The half of Shelley's work," he says, "at least, is spoilt by unbearable humanitarianism.—Poetry pure only obtained ascendancy in his mind by moments, when he was governed by the sentiment of nature, or when, here and there, some earthly love mingled with his platonic dreams."

Compare with this Mr. Myers' expression that we have in Shelley "an extreme, almost an extravagant specimen of the poetic character"; or Mr. Swinburne's outburst—"He was alone the perfect singing-god; his thoughts, words, deeds, all sang together." Perhaps the best answer we have to M. Scherer's various objections is to be found in the thoughtful study by Mr. Myers from which we have just quoted. Certainly Mr. Swinburne's dithyrambs will not be enough to convince a foreigner, especially a foreigner with ideas of sobriety in style. Mr. Swinburne says in effect, "Take it on my word, the word of a poet, that Shelley is the greatest of poets," and we who feel the full roll and splendour of Mr. Swinburne's marvellous sentences are inclined to accept his verdict entirely at his own valuation. But a foreign critic, not so sensitive as we to those influences of sound over which Mr. Swinburne has such extraordinary mastery, will probably maintain that a poet's place in his generation is not settled so easily or so high-handedly.

Such work as Shelley's, indeed,

before it can be finally classed passes necessarily and inevitably through a long period of debate. Generally speaking, a nation approaches its great poets first on the intellectual side, and the majority of readers are affected by the presence or absence of an intellectual framework they can understand in a poet's work, by the intellectual coherence or incoherence of his general attitude, before they form any judgment at all on his purely poetical qualities. The strength of this tendency varies, of course, in different nations in proportion to the strength of their artistic gift. In modern Spain, where the commoner artistic gifts are very widely spread, and where the language places a certain facile brilliancy and music within the reach of almost every poetical aspirant, the enormous popularity of a poet like Zorrilla has nothing to do with any intellectual consideration whatever. From a European standpoint Zorrilla's matter is beneath consideration. He has no ideas, no *données*, or almost none, that are not imitated or borrowed. And yet he is so facile, so musical, he plays so adroitly with all the common popular sentiments of his country and time, that his countrymen, even when they are most conscious that he has nothing to say, are still enthusiastic, still carried away by a sort of passion of delight in him which does not admit of reasoning.

In France, it is not enough to be a master of facile and musical commonplace. A poet's general position and leading ideas may be incoherent or shallow, but if he is to succeed he must at least be a master of detail, he must be original by lines and phrases, he must catch the subtle French ear, and satisfy the French rhetorical taste by a continual struggle with and a continual triumph over the difficulties of expression. Our English demand is rather different. We are more serious, more prejudiced, less artistic—sometimes for good, some-

times for evil. If the matter of a poet touches us we can pardon a great deal of inferiority of manner. There are one or two disastrous modern instances of the fact which will occur to everybody. On the other hand if the matter of the poet is in opposition to the dominant conceptions of the day, or if intellectually it offends our critical and logical instincts, we are not very ready to shift our point of view, and to give a writer, who seems to us, whether justly or unjustly, to have failed on the side of general conceptions, that is to say on the intellectual side, the triumph which may really belong to him on the artistic side.

Something of this kind has befallen Shelley. The ordinary English mind for one set of reasons, and a good many men of ability for another set of reasons, regard him as incoherent and rhapsodical, the preacher of a childish and contradictory philosophy. It is a purely intellectual judgment, and it is answered by the scorn of his devotees, who ask what logic and philosophy have got to do with poetry? And indeed, as Shelley *was* a great poet, one who saw the world "with the eyes of the imagination," and whose visions are immortal, this exclusive sort of judgment of him, which prevailed for so long, has had to give way, and is giving way more and more. But it is of no use to pretend that there is no question in debate, or that the instinct which has found so many spokesmen among ourselves, and has lately inspired the sentences we have quoted from M. Scherer, is an absurd and unsound one. Shelley's opinions were crude and fanciful, and among his many masteries he was not a master of large and clear philosophical expression. But he challenged the world as much by his opinions and his philosophy as by his purely poetical qualities, and his slowly-widening audience has had to get behind the opinions and the philosophy, and to learn to approach him as the seer

and the singer. The final result may be certain, but a large amount of doubt and debate on the road thither was and is still inevitable.

Before we part with M. Scherer, we may quote from him the three following passages, also taken from the Wordsworth essay. (The articles on Carlyle and on Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion* are short, and hardly lend themselves to extracts.) The first of the passages contains an estimate of Tennyson, and whether we agree with it or no, is certainly what criticism ought to be—the record of a real impression finely and delicately put.

"Keats and Shelley have certainly not been thrown into the shade by Tennyson, but still Tennyson has climbed upon their shoulders, and perhaps in certain respects has touched a higher level than they. If he is not stronger and greater than Shelley, the metal of his poetry is purer, the workmanship of it is more ingenious, more exquisite, and the work, as a whole, of a more astonishing variety. Tennyson has a consummate mastery of rhythm; he has an extraordinary wealth of vocabulary; he has taste, grace, distinction, every kind of talent and refinement; he is the author of lyrical pieces unrivalled in any language, some breathing the subtlest melancholy, others the most penetrating pathos, and some vibrating like a knight's bugle-horn; and he lacks only one thing, the supreme gift, the last flight, which carries Ganymede into the empyrean, and throws him breathless at the feet of Jove. He sins by excess of elegance; he is too civilised, too accomplished. There is no *genre* that he has not attempted, whether grave, or gay, or tragic; whether idyl, ode, elegy, epic, or drama; there is not one in which he has not brilliantly succeeded, and yet we may almost say of him that in no one direction has he sounded the deepest depths of thought. In passion there are ardours, in the mind there are troubles, in life there are bankruptcies of the ideal, which

the note of Tennyson is incapable of expressing."

The following piece describes the artist's attitude towards nature :

"The young man sees in nature an empire to take possession of ; the man of mature age seeks in her repose from anxiety and agitation, the old man finds in her a host of melancholy consolations—but the artist? Does not he, at least, love her for herself? Does he not live by her alone? is it not her beauty, and nothing else, that he is in love with? Is it not the whole of his ambition to understand and to render her, to feel and translate her, to enter into all her moods, to grasp all her aspects, to penetrate all her secrets? Who then, if not the artist, may flatter himself that he is initiated into the mysteries of the great goddess? And yet, no! What the artist pursues is not so much nature as the effect to which she lends herself—the *picturesque*—art. He is only at her feet that he may hurry off to boast of the favours which she has bestowed upon him. The artist is the man who has the rare and fatal gift of a double existence, who feels with the half of his soul and employs the other to repeat what he feels—a man who has experienced emotion, but who has then slain it within him, that he may contemplate it at his ease and draw it at his leisure in strokes which ennoble and transfigure it."

The third and last describes the element of mannerism in Wordsworth.

"If ever a writer might have been thought sincere it is this genius at once so austere and so simple-hearted. And yet, there is no denying that all his work is not true metal. Wordsworth has pretensions, and a manner he has consciously made for himself. He exaggerates his feeling, he pushes to an excess his own special methods of conception and of speech, he assumes an air and look which are certainly his own, but of which the features and expression are none the less studied and composed. . . . All Wordsworth's

defects spring from the same source and are of the same kind. He has an ideal of life, to which he involuntarily adapts his moral attitude; he has an ideal of art and he overdoes what he admires."

M. Darmestetter's book is partly a collection of prefaces (to an edition of *Macbeth*, an edition of *Childe Harold*, and so on), and partly a reproduction of certain long and elaborate reviews which originally appeared in the *Parlement*, the *Revue Critique*, and elsewhere. The whole is introduced by a letter to M. Guillaume Guizot, Professor of English Literature at the Collège de France, in which M. Darmestetter pleads for the study of English in France as against the now triumphant and wide-spread study of German. He agrees that for the soldier and the *savant* German is indispensable, but he argues that for the French man of letters and man of business, English is incomparably better worth having than German. As for literature, "where can our French public find more enjoyment or more inspiration than in England? I do not wish to disparage German literature. A literature that has produced Goethe and Heine has a future before it. But it is none the less true that German literature has behind it but one single century. Its mediæval period may furnish the *savant* with interesting and curious things, but we are not talking here of the men of research; we are talking of the men of letters living within the range of modern thought. The French man of letters who reads English has three centuries of masterpieces in his hands, from Spenser to Shakespeare, from Milton to Pope, from Burns to Byron and Shelley; the French man of letters who reads German has but two books. . . . To sum up, I should say that our *savants* have much to learn from Germany, but that France in general has infinitely more to learn from

England. I am not protesting against the study of German, but only against the inferior position assigned to English. German interests specialists; English interests all the intelligent classes. We lived for a long time in the belief that there was only France in the world; now we seem to believe that there are only France and Germany. Germany is but a very small part of the world, and if by force of accident we find ourselves obliged for some fifty years to take a special and anxious interest in the movements of that part, that is no reason why it should hide from us the rest of the universe."

Certainly M. Darmestetter's own book is an excellent example of the sympathy and intelligence towards England which he desires to see increased. His studies of Shakespeare's development are based upon the most recent Shakespearian research, and state the conclusions of Mr. Furnivall and the New Shakespeare Society with an ease and lightness of touch which give them more general attractiveness than they have commonly possessed in English eyes; while the careful study of *Macbeth*, and the articles on Byron and Shelley, are in every way up to the level of modern knowledge, and are lit up by a good deal of very fair critical reflection. The article on Shelley contains the following happy description of the most characteristic quality of Shelley's genius:—

"There was one thing in Shelley which was lacking in Wordsworth, and which enabled him to understand the Lake poet, while Wordsworth could not understand him. This was that strange wealth and mobility of impressions and perceptions, which transformed his whole being into a flexible, ethereal mould, where all the changing forms of visible and living nature took shape and outline for an instant, awakening the sister images which slept within it, so that nature itself came to seem but a mirror of

the inward vision, an echo of all that wept in his own heart, the tissue which clothed the phantoms of his own brain. Add to this a strength of feeling and of love, of indignation against oppression, and of devotion to the cause of the feeble, which no poet's life perhaps has ever embodied so sincerely and so nobly—a ceaseless aspiration towards knowledge and the unknown,—a love of mystery which led him from alchemy to Spinoza, from Spinoza to Faust,—and finally that anguish born of knowledge, without which no poetry is complete, and which is itself only one of the highest forms of the poetical instinct of humanity. Thus there arose a poetry of an intensity and an infinity unknown before. Wordsworth indeed had been the high-priest of Nature, but together with the grandeur and the dignity of priesthood he had displayed all its narrownesses and all its weakness." Shelley's life and Shelley's poetry were one, to an extraordinary, to an unparalleled degree. "All his dreams were lived, as all his life was dreamed."

The essay on Wordsworth, which appeared in the *Revue Critique* as a review of Mr. Myers' biography, is good and sufficient, though, as we have said, there is not the same high literary pleasure to be got out of it as out of M. Scherer's. It ends with a strong expression of Wordsworth's limitations. "Stuart Mill," says M. Darmestetter, "in trial and depression found peace and calm in the study of Wordsworth's poetry; but poetry which is made up of only light and peace does not render the whole of nature, or exhaust the human heart. And as nature has more shade than light, and the heart more of tempest than of peace, Wordsworth will never be the poet of the crowd, and even with natures akin to his own he will not be the poet of all hours.

"The gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul."

There is his characteristic note. But it was easy for the gods to say so; they were gods."

M. Sarrazin's essays are well-meaning and often picturesque; but there is very little in them which need detain an English reader. There is no perspective in them, no sense of the whole. The article on Shelley, for instance, is taken up almost entirely with an analysis of the *Cenci*, just as that on Keats dwells entirely upon *Endymion*, which M. Sarrazin pronounces Keats's masterpiece, having never apparently heard of *Hyperion*, of *Lamia*, or of any of the mediæval pieces. And yet this half-knowledge of his is handled with so much energy, so much honest belief in itself, that it cannot but awaken misgivings in any one who has ever tried to concern himself with a foreign literature. One is so apt to take it for granted that one's own appreciation of foreign books is

as intelligent as M. Scherer's, as well-informed as M. Darmstetter's! Yet all the while it may be only an appreciation of M. Sarrazin's kind, as one-sided, as full of misplaced enthusiasms and false emphasis. There is nothing so easy as this false emphasis, nothing so difficult as a true hospitality of thought. What we are all really aiming at in the study of foreign writers is a community of intellectual country with the great of all nations; a mood of mind in which national differences shall exist no longer for purposes of separation, but only to quicken our curiosity and widen our sympathy. It is one of the worthiest of goals, but on the way thither let us not forget how easy it is to murder the accent, and to misunderstand the *nuances* of those new intellectual or spiritual dialects which we are trying to master!

M. A. W.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

THE future political relationship of those various countries and peoples which form the widely-spread British Empire of to day, is undoubtedly at the present moment attracting increased attention on the part both of practical and theoretical politicians. An analysis therefore by an unofficial Canadian of those interests and sentiments which, together, make up what is known as Canadian loyalty, may not prove an ill-timed or uninteresting contribution to the general question.

If Canada were, like Australia, an isolated country with a people almost wholly drawn from Great Britain, the character and value of Canadian loyalty would be a comparatively simple question. But Canada so far from being isolated is absolutely entangled with the largest and most populous English-speaking nation, the United States; and at the same time almost a third of her people is a branch of the great French race; consequently both the situation of the country and the origin and circumstances of the people make the character and value of Canadian loyalty a somewhat complex problem. This will appear more clearly if the situation and the people are examined more closely.

Owing partly to political blundering on the part of British politicians in the past, and partly to natural circumstances, the boundary between Canada and the United States is such that the Canadians are settled in four distinct, but unequal groups, so placed in regard to each other and to the United States that, if it were not for political obstacles, the natural intercourse of each group would be greater with the adjoining States of the Union than with its more distant and inaccessible fellow provinces.

The population of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would thus be more

intimately connected with eastern New England than with their fellow Canadians, from whom they are completely cut off by the great wedge of the State of Maine, penetrating Canada almost to the St. Lawrence, and by the compact mass of the French Canadians of Quebec. Ontario and Quebec would in turn be more intimately connected with New York, Ohio and Michigan than with the maritime provinces on the one hand, or with Manitoba and the other prairie provinces, from which they are separated by the wilderness north and west of Lake Superior, on the other hand; while the latter provinces are the natural neighbours of the north-western states rather than of Ontario, or of the handful of whites in the south-west corner of British Columbia whose interests would naturally ally them to the states of the Pacific slope. With this unfortunate, and it may almost be said, fatal boundary and the consequent distribution of the population, the political union of the Canadian provinces is a continual struggle against the forces of nature, and therefore in spite of political separateness, they are profoundly influenced by the United States, and this the more as the nearest counterbalancing influence, that of Great Britain, is three thousand miles away.

I shall now turn from the peculiar position of the country to the origin and circumstances of the people, so far as they affect the question of their loyalty to Great Britain. At the last census, 1881, the population of the Dominion was in round numbers 4,300,000, who may be roughly divided into 30 per cent. French and 70 per cent. English-speaking Canadians, though, as a fact, an appreciable and growing proportion of the latter are of German, Scandinavian and other foreign origins, and are only learning

to speak English. The interests and sentiments of these two great divisions of the Canadian people are so distinct, not to say hostile, that for the purposes of our inquiry they must be taken separately and the French Canadians, as representing the original European colonists, claim first attention.

The position and expansion of the French race in Canada, so curious and seemingly so anomalous, is one of the most interesting social and political problems of the day. It is just a century and a quarter since the 150 years' contest between France and England for supremacy in North America was brought to a close by the issue of the battle on the plains of Abraham, between the forces of Wolfe and Montcalm. Since then the handful of French colonists who remained in Canada, and their descendants, have lived under the same government with, and alongside of, the growing colony of British settlers; and it might naturally be supposed that by this time the French would be absorbed, or at least be in process of absorption, into the British race. However natural, no assumption could be further from the fact. The French Canadians of to-day are as distinct and as French as were their ancestors in the days of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; or rather they are the true representatives of pre-revolutionary Frenchmen, and as such present, not only in their circumstances, but also in some of their characteristics a curious contrast to their French cousins. Unstirred by the century of revolutions and wars which have alternately stimulated and exhausted the latter, the former still to an almost incredible degree live the hardy, simple, unquestioning lives of the early colonists. For the most part lumbermen, farmers and fishermen, drawing almost all their poor but wholesome subsistence directly from the forest, the farm and the water, they are nearly altogether self-sustaining and contribute little to the general revenue of the country, but largely to

that of their Church. The mass of the French Canadians are either absolutely untouched by all those ideas and sentiments born of the Revolution, or under the rule of their priests they hate the Revolution and all its works with the zeal of the most reactionary French Legitimist. They are so Catholic that the French Canadian who forsakes the Church of his fathers is regarded as an outcast; and yet they are so French that upon every possible occasion they unfurl to Canadian breezes the tricolor, the ensign of the hated Revolution. France, even the France of to-day, largely infidel and Republican though she be, is the country of their love, and a few years ago, when it seemed to them that Imperial France was about to undertake a Catholic and French crusade against the German heretic, the French Canadians exulted loudly in the anticipation of victory, and were correspondingly cast down at the ensuing defeat. Their sympathy with their beaten kinsmen even went so far at that time, that a number volunteered to the Consul of France at Quebec to go and help their beaten cousins to expel the Germans from the sacred soil of France—an incident which a French-Canadian poet has commemorated in some spirited verses, the concluding stanza of which it may be worth while to quote as an apt illustration of the feeling of his countrymen:—

The spokesmen of the volunteers, a stalwart smith, says:—

“Où, Monsieur le Consul, reprit il, nous ne sommes

Que cinq cents aujourd'hui; mais tonnerre
des hommes

Nous en aurons, allez: prenez toujours cinq
cents

Et dix mille demain nous repondront,
Présents!

La France nous voulons épouser sa querelle;
Et fier d'aller combattre et de mourir pour
elle,

J'en jure pas le Dieu que j'adore à genoux,
L'on ne trouvera pas de traîtres parmi nous—
Le reste se perdit . . . car la foule en
démence

Trois fois au quatre vents cria: Vive la
France!”

At the close of the war efforts were made to attract French immigration, more especially from the conquered portions of Alsace-Lorraine, but no great numbers came, and those that did come proved altogether too liberal to suit the French Canadians, who found that their love for the ideal France did not always translate itself into love for the modern Frenchman—at least unless of the purely ultramontane type. During the last few years, and at the present moment, considerable efforts have been, and are being made, rather by politicians and speculative financiers than by the clergy, to interest the French in financial schemes in Quebec, and in other ways to cultivate closer connections between the mother country and her alienated off-shoot.

In view of these facts it may well be asked how this intensely French and Catholic people can be truly loyal subjects of the British crown; and the answer will appear the more important when it is remembered that the French Canadians, in another point unlike the French of to-day, are one of the most prolific races in the world. How prolific the following figures will show. At the conquest, 125 years ago, the French population left in Canada numbered about 70,000. At the last census they had grown, without appreciable immigration from Europe, to 1,300,000 in the Dominion, and had swarmed over the borders of the United States to the number of 250,000 more. And still they are growing so fast, that not only are they rapidly filling up their old limits in the province of Quebec, but are edging the British Canadians out of those parts of the province which have hitherto been almost exclusively British, and are even pushing over the borders of New Brunswick on the east, and Ontario on the west. What are the aspirations of the French Canadians, and what is the value of their loyalty to Great Britain? Fortunately it is not necessary to depend for the answer to these questions ex-

clusively on the opinion of an English Canadian, for only last June, on the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the society of St. Jean Baptiste, the national society, there was held at Montreal a great conference of representative French Canadians from all parts of Canada and the United States. At this conference almost endless speeches were made by their clerical and lay leaders; and their aspirations, and the means of attaining them, were proclaimed in no timid manner. The twofold object of the French Canadian nation, it was insisted, was to be in the future, as it had been in the past, the aggrandisement of the Catholic faith and the French nationality in North America. To stimulate this ambition the past history of the French Canadians was proudly dwelt upon by priest and politician. The assembled representatives were reminded with what heroism their earlier ancestors, under the kings of France, had waged an incessant contest for God and king, not only against the severities of nature, but also against the heathen Indian and the heretic Briton; they were reminded how, when at last deserted by their king, and overwhelmed by, and subjected to, the power of Great Britain, their later ancestors had, with hardly less heroism, struggled to the point of open rebellion against all attempts on the part of the conquering power or her colonists to break down their religious or national privileges. As one of their speakers proudly said: "All the political genius of England, all the astuteness and all the perseverance of her statesmen, eager to amalgamate the races, was shattered against the resistance of three-quarters of a century on the part of a handful of citizens, who are to-day a great nation." The result of this determined struggle is, as another speaker boasted, that "Providence has not only preserved our rights of worship, our rights of language, our rights to the soil, but he has doubled them—I would say that on certain sides has even multiplied them—in such a man-

ner, that the largeness of the privileges which we enjoy to-day is such as our ancestors never dared aspire to." Their priestly leaders exhorted them never to forget that they were above all and before all French and Catholic, and that it was their great and noble mission still to spread throughout North America the true faith and the French character. They were warned not to speak English too well. Said a venerable prelate, "There is nothing I love like a French Canadian who speaks English badly. Never let us allow a foreign tongue to seat itself at our hearths." Another speaker illustrates their powers of aggressive expansion, which I have before remarked, in the following terms:—"Who does not remember the English preponderance which existed there (in the eastern townships of Quebec) only some fifteen or twenty years ago? Yet twenty years have sufficed to render our compatriots *masters* of a region where, twenty years ago, they did not exercise even a little municipal influence." My last quotation shall be from the speech of the leading French-Canadian poet, in the course of which he observed: "Some one said we were English-speaking French; well, for me, I say we are Frenchmen who speak English when it suits us. This does not hinder us from being loyal subjects of Her Majesty, or prevent our admiring England, the mother of progress, and thanking her cordially for the political, civil, and religious liberty which she has granted us. Nevertheless, gentlemen, our love and our affection is for France, our glorious mother country." These quotations, which are not wrenched from, but form the keynote of the contexts of the leading speeches, sufficiently show the nature of the French-Canadian ambition. Several other speakers rendered their tribute of thanks, and affirmed their loyalty to Great Britain, who had, *bon gré, mal gré*, rendered them all the liberty they could desire. What is the ultimate object of thus perpetuating an exclusively French Catholic nationality

in North America, it is hard to say; for even if the boastful prophecy of one of their leaders proves true, that in another century the French Canadians will number from fifteen to twenty millions, and dominate the north-east of the continent, they will still be a small and isolated people in comparison with the hundred or hundred and fifty million English-speaking Americans to their west and south. However, trusting probably to Providence and the chapter of accidents, their great present object is to resist absorption, and to advance their exclusive interests as rapidly and as widely as possible. How very exclusive are their interests and sympathies may be inferred from the fact that in no one of the speeches delivered at their great conference have I discovered one single expression of sympathy with their fellow English-speaking Canadians, or one patriotic aspiration for Canada, as a whole, in contradistinction to French Canada. In the eyes of the French Canadians, indeed, they are the only true Canadians, the sons of the soil; the rest of the population are only English, Scotch, Irish, or other foreigners living in Canada, who are, if possible, to be pushed out of the province of Quebec at least; or at any rate to be kept separate from the chosen people. In their connection with the British crown, the French Canadian leaders believe, lies the greatest safeguard of their national existence and growth. They fear with reason that, either if left face to face in an independent Canada with their Saxon and Irish fellow-Canadians, probably reinforced by a large Teutonic and Scandinavian immigration, or if absorbed in the great Republic, it would be much more difficult to preserve their national privileges and exclusiveness. What is the value to Great Britain of a loyalty which serves as a cover to protect and foster the growth of those interests and sentiments which are always hostile, and, where they largely prevail, are absolutely fatal to British

interests and sentiments, your readers may judge for themselves.

Turning now from the French to the English-speaking Canadians, we are met by a totally different set of circumstances and aspirations, of interests and sentiments. Here there is no homogeneous and compact race possessing one absorbing interest and sentiment, but a mixed population of varying interests and sympathies. With these, loyalty to Great Britain is by no means a matter of self-preservation, but is an attachment springing from various roots, and displaying a corresponding variety of strength and character. The children of the United Empire Loyalist, of the English, Scotch, Irish, and German peasant or mechanic, and of the American trader, draw their loyalty from different sources, and hold it, if at all, in different degrees. With the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, who it may be well to remind English readers, were those loyal subjects of George III. who preferred poverty and exile in the wilds of Canada to wealth and honour in the United States; with those Britons, largely retired military and civil officers of the crown and their children, who settled in Canada because it was a British colony, and with the Irish Orangemen, loyalty to the British crown has hitherto been, and is even now, to a great extent a species of religion. Family tradition, education, and external circumstances have all fed the sentiment, till it may be truly said of many of these Canadians that, as the French Canadians are more Catholic than the Pope, they are more English than the English. A very considerable number of Canadian public men and leaders of society are drawn from these classes, and as in bygone days the officers of the garrisons, and to-day travellers of political and social position, usually meet and associate with public men and leaders of society, it is not wonderful that certain sections of English society should believe and represent the Canadians to be extravagantly loyal to Great Britain. The

loyalty, however, of the larger part of the British and foreign English-speaking Canadians, who did not emigrate to Canada so much because it was a British colony as because accidental or personal considerations took them there, is a much weaker, if often not less genuine sentiment than that of the classes just described, and does not continue to flourish so much from its inherent strength as from the influence of external circumstances. This sentiment, largely due to birth or descent, is stimulated by the enthusiasm of the ultra-loyalists, by the fact that so far at least loyalty to the British crown has been the only sentiment common to all Canadians from Halifax to Winnipeg, and perhaps chiefly by the steady coldness and frequent hostility of the government of the United States. Owing to all these circumstances, it may be safely asserted that hitherto the English-speaking Canadians generally, though by no means so universally as is supposed, have felt and still feel a genuine sentiment of attachment to and affection for Great Britain. With the majority, however, this is a pleasant emotion which is chiefly exhibited in holidays, and is not calculated to bear any great strain in the workaday world. This was curiously shown when some six years ago the Canadian Conservative party were returned to power to establish a protectionist tariff, or, as it was generally called in Canada, a national policy. Among other arguments used by the free-trade or revenue tariff party was the plea that the establishment of a protectionist tariff might endanger the British connection, whereupon one of the leading organs of the Conservative and ultra-loyal party retorted that, if the creation of a Canadian national policy threatened the British connection, so much the worse for the connection, or words to that effect.

Without attaching too much importance to such a statement made in a time of political excitement, and allowing that the great majority of Cana-

dians, whether French or English, are either from motives of self-interest or from affection, in different degrees loyal to Great Britain; and that even the Irish Catholics—a very important political element in Canada, as elsewhere—are as little actively hostile as may be; the question at once arises as to whether the tendencies are in favour of strengthening and perpetuating, or of more or less quickly extinguishing this loyalty.

The loyalty of the Australians, in the absence of any great injustice on the part of the mother country is likely to yield only to the natural growth of a national individuality, and the consequent desire for a national autonomy. The loyalty of the Canadians is not only more nearly threatened by the growth of a similar ambition, but is even more greatly imperilled by other and less fortunate circumstances. Before referring to these tendencies, which threaten to extinguish the political attachment of Canada to Great Britain, it will be well to shortly state those actual factors in Canadian progress which have a tendency to perpetuate the present slight connection.

These are first and foremost the continued freedom from an enforced liability on the part of the Canadians to tax themselves either in men or money for the purpose of aiding Great Britain in any foreign complications; the continued rule of the priesthood over the French Canadians, and the continued conviction on the part of these rulers that the best chance for the preservation of their sway lies in the British connection; an immense immigration of British capital and population into the Canadian north-west, purely on the ground of the British connection, and lastly, the continued coldness of the government of the United States towards Canada.

The tendencies which are making, and are likely to make, against the perpetuation of Canadian loyalty are much more numerous and complicated. Already there are signs of disintegration in the serried ranks of the French

Canadians; growing numbers of young French peasants are seeking the factory and the workshops, not only in the manufacturing towns of Quebec and Ontario, but also in the New England states. These operatives are more accessible to modern ideas than the *habitant* or peasant, and it is found impossible, more especially in the United States, to keep them from contact with, and from the influence of the immense forces of modern life, which are inimical to the power of the priesthood. In addition to this movement, the ranks of the old French Liberal or *rouge* party in Canada are being recruited by young men who are, either from residence in France or from literary sympathy, more or less open to the revolutionary, not the anarchic, ideas prevalent in their mother country, and consequently the tendency even among the French Canadians is to divide, as in France, the people into Clericals and Liberals. Now, if the Clericals are particularly loyal, it follows, as a matter of course, that the tendency of the Liberals is in the other direction. The growth of the French-Canadian Liberal party inevitably means the growth of a desire for an independent Canada, or even probably for annexation to the United States as the best, or, at least, quickest means of getting rid of priestly domination.

In the case of the English-speaking Canadians, the desire for an early independence is more marked. Already for several years past, from time to time, Canadian writers and even some well-known public men have declared with no uncertain note that it was almost time for Canada to assume the responsibilities of complete self-government, or at least that it was high time the people should look forward to and prepare for such responsibilities. The colonial condition is becoming irksome, sometimes to the politicians, always to the more ambitious and independent native Canadians. The latter, even many of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, are learning that the loyalty of the Canadian does not give him the status of the Briton even in

Great Britain ; much less in the United States and in Europe ; and proud of the size of his country and the energies of his countrymen, he resents the unsympathetic indifference of the English and the ignorant indifference of the rest of the world, and longs to establish a national individuality. It is said by the Imperial Federationists that this source of disloyalty will cease on the formation of a British Federal Empire, for then all subjects of the empire will have the same status. This I believe to be a mistaken pretension. The Briton's opinion of himself and the opinion of the foreign world of the Briton are not and cannot be shared by such remote communities as Australia and Canada, at least until these are so populous and powerful that they will not want to be confounded in that opinion. But although the desire for independence is certain to grow with the growth of the country, most Canadians are well aware that Canada for some time to come cannot, from internal weakness stand alone, and consequently this danger to Canadian loyalty might be long postponed if it were not for the proximity of the United States. This may seem to contradict the statement that one of the roots of Canadian loyalty lies in hostility to the big Republic. But Canadian hostility to the United States has been in the past, to a great extent, the reflection of the mutual ill-will between the latter power and Great Britain, stimulated by the frequent direct unfriendliness of the American government towards Canada. Now, however, Great Britain and the United States are, day by day, becoming better friends, and the people of Canada and of the United States are becoming all the time more intimately connected, commercially and socially. The economic and social circumstances of the United States and Canada are so much more alike than are those of either to Great Britain, that the average Canadian, in spite of political separateness, feels more at home in the United States and with Americans than in England or with the English. With almost

three-quarters of a million born Canadians in the United States, very many of whom visit and are frequently visited by their relatives, the social intercourse of the two peoples, with the consequent increase of intermarriage and interchange of domicile, has a constant tendency to become more intimate. The great Canadian and neighbouring American lines of rail and steamers are in continual combination or conflict with one another, and commercially as well as socially the Canadians and Americans are daily, sometimes in alliance, sometimes in rivalry, growing closer. For one Canadian that travels in Great Britain there are ten that travel in the United States, for one British there are many American journals read in Canada, and in short, for one point at which the Canadians touch Great Britain they touch the United States at ten points. Under these circumstances, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, the Canadians are more and more influenced by their great English speaking neighbour ; and as American influence grows, so must that of Great Britain relatively decline, not from lack of will or affection, but from mere remoteness. If this is the case now, when the government of the United States still plays towards Canada the part of the wind in the fable of the man and his cloak, what is this influence likely to become when the Americans, learning that the chilling wind of their disfavour only makes Canada wrap herself the more closely in the cloak of her loyalty, shall decide to play the part of the sun and woo her with the warming rays of proffered reciprocity treaties, even, perhaps, with tempting offers of a complete customs union on favourable terms ? How long is it likely that Canadian loyalty to Great Britain could withstand such wooing in addition to all the other American influences, which are, as we have seen, continually playing upon her sympathies and interests ? But if these considerations were not enough, there is yet another direction from which

Canadian loyalty is threatened by the proximity of the United States. From the outbreak of the American Civil War, up to a late period, Canada's loyalty has not only been strengthened by her dislike to the American government, but also by the fact that the United States were suffering severely both in political embarrassments and in the creation of an enormous war debt, from both of which troubles, as well as from the war itself, Canada was saved by her connection with Great Britain. To-day the political embarrassments of the Union born of the war are in a fair way of settlement, while the debt of the United States is being reduced only too fast. At the same time, the political troubles of Canada are at least as great as those of her neighbour and her debt, owing to the magnificent extravagance of her people and politicians, has grown to be considerably greater *per capita* than that of the United States. Now in order to carry this growing debt it is absolutely necessary for Canada to draw a very large British and foreign immigration to her immense territory, for which she has to compete with her big neighbour. In the past the colonial condition has largely prevented the Germans, Scandinavians, and Irish from emigrating to Canada. They preferred to be citizens of the United States rather than subjects of Great Britain, even when Canada was in a much more favourable political and financial condition than the Republic. Is it likely so long, at least, as there is any good land within the boundaries of the latter, that the current of foreign as well as of British emigration will be largely turned in the direction of the poorer and more heavily-burdened country? Yet Canada must in the near future divert to her side a much larger part of the current of emigration than she has ever yet done, or, failing so to do, will at no distant day be inevitably absorbed, debt and all, into the United States. At least unless the people of Great Britain will at that

crisis be so liberal as to assume at any rate that part of the Canadian burdens which has been incurred in building political railways.

Supposing, however, that Canadian loyalty escapes the Scylla of American attraction and the Charybdis of her own financial extravagance, it is still threatened by another danger in the shape of the aggressive expansion of French Canadians. Owing to their unity, up to the present time, this third of the population possesses an influence in Canadian politics out of proportion to its numbers, and several times greater than the proportion it contributes to the national exchequer. As this influence is always used for purely French-Canadian aims and purposes it naturally excites the jealousy of all the English-speaking Canadians, more especially of those who live in Quebec, where the French hold in no generous fashion the complete mastery. If the consolidation and expansion of the French-Canadian power in the valley of the St. Lawrence grows much greater, the English who are left in the province of Quebec, as well as those in the adjoining parts of Ontario and New Brunswick who feel more heavily the French pressure will, as not a few now do, favour annexation to the United States as the only possible check to the French. When the people of Ontario and the prairie provinces realise that there is great danger of the whole valley of the St. Lawrence, from Lake Ontario to the sea, falling into the hands of the French, they too will be likely to seek the same escape from danger. For if, as at present seems probable, the French Canadians do secure the exclusive mastery of the St. Lawrence valley, that river will cease to form one of the great highways from the interior to the ocean, and will be almost as dead to commerce in the height of summer as it now is in the depth of winter. In such a contingency, by no means impossible, the prophecy of a French-Canadian politician, that the last shot in support of

the British connection would be fired by a French Canadian, is likely to become true. In other words the presence of the French Canadians, which at the time of the American revolt saved Canada to Great Britain, is likely to be at least an important factor in losing Canada to Great Britain at no distant date.

Unless the foregoing picture of the situation of the Dominion and her people, of the character of their loyalty, and of the great preponderance of those tendencies which are adverse to the perpetuation of that loyalty, can be shown to be largely untrue, it is obvious that sooner or later the slight connection between the big colony and the mother country is almost certain to be broken. If the political connection between the old and the new countries is naturally closed in the fulness of time with the free will of both parties, then, whether Canada becomes an independent nation, probably in close commercial alliance with the United States, or whether she throws in her lot altogether with the big Republic, the people of Canada will continue to love Great Britain and be ready to admire and esteem their British relatives. If, however, the connection is retained until some strain causes a rupture, then in a probably less violent manner and to a less lasting degree, the old story of the American colonies and their hate for Great Britain will be repeated. It will doubtless be urged by the Imperial Federationists that the decay of Canadian loyalty and the rapid growth of American influence is likely to take place so long as the present anomalous connection is kept up, but that if Canada, as well as Australia and South Africa, is really made an integral part of the British Empire, the process of disintegration will not only be arrested but will be repaired. No project could be so dangerous to the welfare of Great Britain as this well-meant proposal to consolidate her union with the self-governing colonies.

If the foregoing facts and considerations have any truth or force at all they must show that it is hopeless to expect Canada to become, or at any rate to remain, a party to any such political combination of the various and widely separated parts of the present British Empire, as would render her liable to any great tax for the maintenance of such a combination. Let us suppose, however, that owing to temporary enthusiasm some kind of Federation was established, and that at an early stage in the history of the British Federated or Federal Empire, the French Canadians were called upon to tax themselves in purse and person to help Great Britain to combat France, the country of their love, in North Africa or the East; or that the German colonists whom Canada hopes to attract were called upon to aid Great Britain to contest the supremacy of the Pacific, or South Africa with Germany, their fatherland; or that the very loyal British and Irish Canadians were required to add to their already overgrown burdens in order to assist Great Britain, three thousand miles away, to defend this, that, or the other threatened interest, an indefinite number of miles, and an infinite number of degrees removed from any interest of Canada; the while the Canadians of all origins, French, German, Irish, American, and British being the next-door neighbours and daily associates of a mighty, a free and an unburdened people, minding their own business, and untroubled by foreign complications. No Imperial Federation could long avoid — no Imperial Federation could for a day survive any such strain. To attempt, therefore, the close political union of countries which nature has placed so far apart is rash. To succeed in the attempt would be, at no distant date, to shatter the harmony which now exists between those wide-spread but friendly members of the British family.

ROSSELL FISHER.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS.

BY PROFESSOR G. G. RAMSAY.

No apology need be made for drawing attention to the subject of Educational Endowments, whether in England or in Scotland. The true principles on which such endowments should be administered—in view especially of the great extension of State action in regard to education—are by no means finally settled for either country; and though English statesmen, and the English public, find it difficult to interest themselves in purely Scottish questions, here at least is one which interests both countries equally, and which should be solved on the same principles in both alike. Scotland has a right to demand that where the same wants and the same abuses have been proved to exist in Scotland as have called for legislation in England, they shall be dealt with in the same drastic manner, and for the good not of one class only, but of the whole community.

The evils which led in England to the passing of Mr. Forster's Endowed Schools Act of 1869 are well-known. The public conscience had been roused by the disclosures made by the Schools' Inquiry Commission, and enlightened by the powerful treatment of the whole subject of middle-class education by the distinguished educationists of whom that commission was composed. Their report established two great facts: first, that England was woefully deficient in the means of supplying higher education for all classes except the wealthy; secondly, that while the whole country was covered with rich educational foundations, these had been almost everywhere rendered useless for any high educational purpose by unintelligent administration, by the close management of close corporations, by the tendency to degrade educational into

eleemosynary benefits, by narrow local or class restrictions, and by all the evils that follow in the train of jobbery, apathy, and ignorance. Having exposed these evils, the Commission sketched out a comprehensive scheme of reform; laid down the true principles on which schools should be organised and conducted; and showed how endowments should be opened up and utilised so as at once to confer a special educational benefit on the class or area embraced in a founder's intentions, and at the same time to raise the standard of education throughout the whole country. They insisted above all things, upon the necessity of *grading* schools; they held that Lower, Middle, and Higher education were distinct things, and should be organised throughout upon distinct principles, and in separate schools; and that, as a matter of course, the cost in each grade must vary according to the character of the article supplied.

The Endowed Schools Commission—now part of the Charity Commission—was called into existence by Mr. Forster's Act to carry out these recommendations; and their schemes have been throughout constructed on uniform and scientific principles. They consider first whether a school of the First, Second, or Third grade is most suitable for the endowment and for the locality with which they have to deal; whether it should be mainly a classical, a commercial, or a scientific school; and then construct their scheme accordingly. Certain general principles of management are common to all schemes alike: but as soon as details are reached, every school is strictly differentiated according to the character of work it will have to do.

This differentiation is effected in four ways:—(1) By a specification of the subjects to be taught. (2) By laying down the limits of age for the pupils. (3) By fixing, within certain limits, the salary of the head master; and (4) by fixing approximately the scale of fees. The last two points are essential; for the quality of education, as of other articles, hinges upon finance. It is *possible*, no doubt, to have an education which is dear and bad also; but it is *impossible* to secure a high standard of education except at its proper price.

If the school be one of the Third grade, the limits of age are placed at from 8 to 14 or 15; the fees at from 3*l.* to 6*l.* per annum. In a Second grade school, the age is fixed at from 8 or 9 up to 16 or even 17, and the fees range from 5*l.* or 6*l.* to 10*l.* and 12*l.* In schools of the First grade, the education is carried on up to the age of 19; the fees run from 15*l.* to 20*l.*, or 30*l.* over the whole school, and the head master's salary will be calculated to yield him from 800*l.* to 1,500*l.*, or even more, according to the importance of the school.

To all schools alike, a definite number of foundationerships, scholarships, and exhibitions are attached. These vary in amount, according to the scale of fees charged; and wherever just and practicable, the system of open competition is established. Where the case demands it, restrictions are retained, but only within due limits, and subject to competition amongst those qualified; whilst in all cases alike the regulations are so drawn as to secure the double object of attracting good scholars to the school, as well as assisting beneficiaries and applying a stimulus to the feeding schools below. In this way England is being covered all over with a system of carefully organised schools, each having a distinct work to do, and each furnished with the means of doing that work well.

Meantime, how stands Scotland in the matter of Secondary Education? Our

newspapers, indeed, and public speakers are never weary of repeating that we alone have a "truly national system of education;" that we are far ahead of England in education of every grade; so far ahead, that Scotland must henceforth have her education separated from that of England, to be conducted upon superior principles, and by a superior minister, of her own. But those who know the facts tell a very different story. It is quite true that Scotch Elementary education was formerly very superior to that of England; and that our parish or elementary schools frequently taught, and taught successfully, the higher subjects—a thing quite unknown in England. It is also true that the Specific Subjects under the code are still taught more generally in Scotland, and that in consequence a large proportion of students join the universities, and even distinguish themselves there, on the basis of instruction received in public elementary schools. But such a system is at best a makeshift; it can only be praised or tolerated because systematic secondary schools do not exist in sufficient quantity. In other respects, English education is rapidly gaining upon Scottish education; in some points—notably as to infant schools, and as to the arrangements made for the teaching of science—it is distinctly ahead already; and Scotland is in danger, even in the matter of elementary education, of having her vaunted supremacy wrested from her.

In the matter of higher education, the danger is far more pressing. The deficiencies of Scotland in this respect are universally acknowledged. There is no grading of schools. Some elementary schools, under great difficulties, and with imperfect results, teach the higher subjects; almost all secondary schools support, or rather are supported by, elementary departments. Such secondary schools as exist are few and far between; if we except the High Schools and Academies of our principal cities,

there are hardly any public schools that deserve the name. Such as exist are imperfectly organised, or organised on a wrong system; they are crippled for want of funds; and in none but the very best are the fees high enough to supply a high-class education. Higher salaries to attract first-rate masters; improved management and organisation; better buildings and apparatus; proper playgrounds and means of recreation; above all, entrance scholarships and leaving exhibitions open to free competition so as to attract intellectual ability, and give a stimulus to the whole course—these are everywhere the needs of our schools, and the country looked to the long-demanded Endowment Commission to supply them.

And there were funds in abundance for the purpose. The history of endowments in Scotland has been similar to that in England. Repeated Commissions had brought out the fact that, exclusive of the universities, there were endowments, mostly intended for higher education, to the amount of 171,000*l.* a year; and that this great sum had been so parochialised and misapplied, so jobbed and frittered away, so diverted from educational to eleemosynary purposes, that it was doubtful whether it was not doing more harm than good, lowering the standard of education, and actually demoralising whole communities. Founders' wills had everywhere been departed from. Free competition was unknown. In the great Hospitals alone, no less than 77,745*l.* a year was being spent in giving an elementary education, under cramped unhealthy conditions, to 1,232 children, most of them orphans, and mainly chosen for their poverty. In no single instance had these foundations been widened into fine open institutions like the great schools of England. The managers were mostly the town-councils. In Glasgow, rich in endowments for school purposes, only one endowed school could be

pointed to that even attempted to do higher work; and it was reported by the late Commission that "of thirteen endowed schools in operation in Glasgow only four are efficient, two are inefficient, while seven are inefficient to the extent of being a gross waste of money." Added to all this, the whole condition of things had been altered by the Education Act of 1872, which had brought good elementary education within the reach of every child in the country. Everywhere it was the same story, and the demand for an Executive Commission to deal strenuously with these endowments for the advancement of higher education generally could no longer be resisted.

At length, after many delays, after opportunities had been in vain offered to the governing bodies to reform themselves, an act was passed on August 19, 1882, "To reorganise the Educational Endowments of Scotland."

The Scottish Act was originally framed on the lines of the English Act, but unfortunately it was seriously maimed in its passage through Parliament. Scotch legislation is invariably huddled into the odd corners of an expiring session, when any opposition, however frivolous, is formidable; and as governments are always more anxious to pass their measures than to see that they deserve to pass, they will yield even vital points to noisy malcontents rather than find the time for a full and fair discussion of them. In this case an ignorant and interested cry was raised, to the effect that to assist higher education, and to place endowments under independent management, was to "rob the poor of their heritage." Before this unmeaning cry Mr. Mundella, robust educationalist as he is, struck his colours, and emasculated his Bill by securing a predominant place in the future management of endowments to the very bodies who had been thrice convicted, by three separate commissions, of neglecting and abusing their powers in the past, and whose removal from power in the

future was one of the main objects for which it was worth while passing an Endowments Bill at all.

Other restrictive provisions were introduced into the Bill, which the Commissioners have unfortunately construed in a still more narrow sense than was intended. Thus, money actually left for free elementary education, and still so expended, was to continue to be so expended, "*if required*;" and funds left for the education of the poorer classes, either "*generally or within a particular area*," were to continue to be applied for the benefit of such children, "*so far as requisite*." But the words italicised, in reality, left all to the discretion of the Commissioners; and section 7 expressly provided that—

"Nothing in this Act contained shall be taken to compel the Commissioners to restrict any bursary or scholarship or other educational benefit attached to or tenable at any educational institution, to the children of persons resident in the locality where that institution exists."

This clause, the wisest and most liberal in the Act, the Commissioners are everywhere disregarding: instead of opening up educational benefits to all comers, they are, in many cases, fastening on the yoke of local restrictions more firmly than before.

In one important respect the Scottish Commission was to differ from that appointed under the English Endowed Schools Act. It was to be unpaid; it could not therefore be expected to give the same time to the work, or to do it in the same careful, discriminating manner as a Commission composed of men bound to make it the business of their lives.

The composition of the Commission, when made known, was not reassuring. For the chairmanship no better man could have been found than Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and some of his colleagues are excellent men for the work. But the Commission contains no representative of either science or

learning—except the learning of the law; and, what is probably unique in the history of such commissions, it comprises no single member who has had practical knowledge of the work of teaching, and who is therefore qualified to form an opinion at first hand, from his own experience as a teacher, on the various educational problems brought before him. Some of its members are not known to have given previously any attention to the subject of education at all.

Such as it was, however, the Bill became law in August, 1882; and the Commission, thus constituted, and with these powers, was expected to render the same services to the higher education of Scotland that have been rendered to that of England by the English Commission. The Commissioners have now published their schemes for some of the most important endowments with which they will have to deal, so that a judgment can be formed as to how far these expectations are likely to be realised.

We will take first their three main schemes for Glasgow.¹ In Glasgow alone there exist endowments, *left expressly to found schools*, amounting to no less than 431,171*l.* Here, if anywhere, it might have been expected that the establishment of new schools to be conducted on sound principles, or the strengthening of existing schools, would have taken precedence of every other object. This certainly was the view of the representatives of existing trusts, who, after repeated consultations, had urged "that there should be established in suitable parts of the city not less than three schools for boys and two for girls, in which a complete and organised course of secondary instruction should be carried out;" and that "two schools should be

¹ I take no notice at present of the recently-issued scheme for combining a fresh group of endowments for purposes of technical education, which, good as it is in some respects, shows the same tendency on the part of the Commissioners to lower, rather than to raise, the standard of education.

regularly organised with a view to science teaching."

Such being the facts, it is astonishing to find that the Commissioners' published schemes propose to do little or nothing to increase the supply, or improve the quality, of secondary schools. They are establishing no new schools: on the contrary, they are snuffing out a number of existing schools, and diverting to other uses funds specially left to build and maintain schools. Their proposals will add nothing to the teaching resources of the city or country; and even where they sanction or suggest the continuance of schools, they endorse and aggravate the very evils which have prevented those schools from doing really high work in the past. Their sole idea seems to be to throw all funds promiscuously into two or three large heaps, and to use these large funds to support a huge system of close and semi-eleemosynary bursaries, without taking any steps to secure that there shall be first-rate schools at which these bursaries shall be held.

Thus, ignoring the special wishes of founders, and wiping out wholesale all distinctions between the original purposes of foundations, they have lumped seventeen endowments into two groups; and the aggregate income of this fund, amounting to over 7,000*l.* a year, is to be mainly spent upon school bursaries, mostly small in amount, and confined to particular classes. Out of the whole income a sum of 1,600*l.* a year may be expended in paying the school fees of "poor but deserving children" at elementary schools. This sum, properly speaking, is not spent in education at all; it is a subsidy to poor children. About 2,100*l.* must be spent on bursaries of from 5*l.* to 10*l.* in amount *tenable only for two years*, and to be competed for amongst children who have passed the fifth standard at elementary schools; 1,200*l.* a year is to be spent on school bursaries of a higher kind, to be awarded under no special restrictions

amongst the pupils of State-aided schools; while, lastly, 500*l.* is to be spent on university bursaries (half to be for schoolmasters), for poor students from State-aided schools in *Glasgow*. Bursaries to assist in payment of fees at evening classes, and special payments towards an ideal school of domestic economy and a proposed technical college, absorb the remainder.

Now there is much to be said in favour of the creation of bursaries; and all authorities agree that much good would be done by enabling clever scholars from elementary schools to carry on their education at some good secondary school, provided good schools are established to which to send them. But in expending nearly their whole funds on this one object, the Commissioners have run their hobby to death; and, although the principle of competition is partially recognised, the conditions under which the various competitions are regulated are of the most narrow and parochial kind. In the great majority of cases candidates must be "poor and deserving," which will be interpreted as heretofore to mean "deserving *because* poor." In almost every case none will be eligible to bursaries but those who have been educated at State-aided schools in *Glasgow*; so that instead of attracting to herself poor and deserving ability from every quarter, *Glasgow*, the wealthy *Glasgow*, will be strictly reserving "her ain fish-guts for her ain sea-maws." Nay, more: even that class which constitutes most emphatically the "*Glasgow*" of to-day—the ship-building population—will be to a great extent excluded altogether, for the exigencies of the trade have caused it to slip down the river, and pass beyond the boundaries of *Glasgow* proper. In no single instance, amid all this flood of bursaries, have the Commissioners provided for an absolutely free and open competition.

Nor is this the only blemish in the scheme. These multitudinous bursaries are not to be held at any

school in particular; they are bestowed, as it were, "in the air," and the holders may attend at any school which may suit themselves and content the governors. Thus one of the main benefits of a bursary system—viz., that it supplies a good school with a certain number of able scholars—is lost altogether.

Next, let us see what the Commissioners have done for those schools which are to be retained. In Glasgow the Hutcheson Endowment, with an income of 4,000*l.* a year, has produced hitherto a very moderate result in the way of higher education; in Edinburgh, the magnificent Heriot Endowment, which was expressly designed by the founder to be a second Christ's Hospital, and has now an income of over 20,000*l.* a year, has done little, if at all, better. How are the schools attached to these foundations to be re-vivified by the Commissioners? The general arrangements which they have made for their government and discipline are good; but in both schools they have permitted and perpetuated that intermixture of elementary with higher education, which is the bane of our Scottish system; and they have failed to grasp the fundamental fact that the quality of the education to be given in a school depends wholly upon its finance. We have seen how strict the English schemes are upon this point, with the object of securing both that the education given shall be good, and that the fee-paying pupils shall pay the full price of what they get. The Hutcheson Grammar School and the Heriot Hospital School are both intended to be schools of the middle-class sort, and at the latter it seems to be contemplated that boys may remain till the age of seventeen. Yet for Heriot's the minimum fee is fixed at 1*l.* 10*s.* for the year, for Hutcheson's Grammar School at 1*l.* 10*s.* for the lowest class, and 2*l.* for the higher classes. No mention is made of any higher figure, and to suggest a low fee of this

kind is to enjoin it. It is evident that the Commissioners have never seriously considered what the expenses of a secondary school should be, and have fixed upon 1*l.* 10*s.* and 2*l.* merely because those sums are just above the highest rate—9*d.* a week—charged in Board Schools. They further overlook entirely the fact that Board Schools, besides having lower work to do, have Government grant and rates to support them as well as fees.

To expose the inadequacy of these proposals, let us consider at what price it is possible to provide a good secondary education of the different grades recognised in English schools. The following calculation, based on a careful examination of different types of schools, may be accepted as approximately correct. In each case the buildings are supposed to be supplied free.

(1.) In a large, well-organised Board School it is possible, by means of good assistants and good organisation, to carry on the education of a *few select pupils* to a very considerable height, and at a very low cost. I have before me the accounts of such a school, with 1,100 names on the register. Out of this number small classes of six or ten or twelve are being given advanced instruction in Latin, Greek, Modern languages, and Mathematics, at a total cost of less than 2*l.* 10*s.* per head over the whole number in average attendance. But of course the great bulk of the work in this school is elementary; and no school could carry on all its scholars to the same stage at anything like the same figure.

(2.) A well-managed school of 400 boys can furnish a really sound scientific and literary training between the ages of ten and fifteen—a very few able boys remaining a year or two longer—at a cost of 6*l.* a year per head. The teaching-staff alone in such a school will cost over 4*l.* per head.

(3.) A secondary school of the best Scottish type, containing from 600 to

700 boys, and giving a complete classical course in the higher classes, cannot be carried on for less than from 10*l.* 10*s.* to 12*l.* 12*s.* per head over the entire school. Were the school smaller, and confined to strictly secondary work, under masters of high standing, the fees would have to rise to fifteen and twenty guineas ahead.

To suggest therefore that a good secondary school can be conducted at the cost of 2*l.* a head is simply absurd; and the attempt must entail one, probably both, of the following results:—The standard of the school will be kept low; and the funds of the endowment—in spite of all provisions to the contrary—will be largely spent in supplementing the fees paid by the paying pupils. This is exactly what is being done at present at Hutcheson's Grammar-School, and the Commissioners now sanction the arrangement. The accounts of the school for 1883 show that the cost of maintaining the school for the year, even on its present footing, was at the rate of 4*l.* 12*s.* per head. There were 822 paying pupils; but these paid on an average only 2*l.* 15*s.* per head. Thus no less than 1*l.* 17*s.* per head, or actually 1,520*l.* 17*s.* in all was paid out of the endowment as a present to the parents of boys who were supposed to be paying the whole cost of their education. In the girls school, 744*l.* was spent in a similar manner; in all 2,264*l.* out of one endowment spent in artificially cheapening education for the general public who can afford to pay the full price! In addition, the foundation supplies the school buildings free to all. For all this the Commissioners have no word of blame, and provide no remedy; yet with strange inconsistency, when they come to deal with Fettes College, in which the existence of boarding houses with paying pupils is essential for the conduct of the school, they are filled with such a pious horror of allowing non-foundations to reap any benefit out of the foundation, that they insist that they *shall pay rent for the use of the board-*

ing houses already erected out of the capital of the foundation. In this they have been needlessly squeamish. It is a perfectly legitimate thing for an endowment to provide and to maintain buildings for the use of all, foundationers and non-foundations alike; but it is *not* legitimate for the Commissioners to permit this principle in one set of schools and then to forbid it in another, merely because some of their number do not appreciate an education of the highest grade.

In one instance this feeling has shown itself in a manner which is probably without a parallel in the history of education. In the case of Heriot's Hospital School—and again in the case of Allen Glen's School in Glasgow—it is enacted that "*Greek shall not be taught.*" It is refreshing to know that there is such avidity to study Greek amongst the lower middle classes of Edinburgh that it has to be put down by law. Possibly the noble chairman was anxious to emulate the famous and unique example set by Mr. Gladstone, when he proposed to found a university in Ireland in which philosophy and history were to be forbidden subjects. But even with such a precedent, a proposal so retrograde and gratuitous as to prohibit *any* lawful branch of study, must surely be reconsidered, and could not, in fact, hold its ground were circumstances to call for its repeal.

The latest scheme put forth by the Commissioners is that for Fettes College. This scheme has been awaited with great interest. Fettes College is the solitary example among the endowed schools of Scotland of a school of the highest grade, completely equipped and organised for its work. It is known to be doing its work admirably, and it is turning out results worthy of being placed beside those of the best English Public schools. It has carried off many scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge; and there is probably no school in the kingdom doing better work all round. But unhappily an

ignorant and vindictive outcry has been raised against the school, mainly by those interested in the Heriot foundation, on the ground that the will of the founder has been wrongly interpreted, and that funds meant for the poor have been used to provide an education for the rich.

This ground is wholly untenable. There is not a word in the will to show that Sir William Fettes intended to benefit any special class, least of all a humble class. He conferred upon his trustees "the most ample and unlimited powers;" and the sole condition which he imposed upon them was that they should erect a building near Edinburgh for the "maintenance, education, and outfit, of young people whose parents have either died without leaving sufficient funds for that purpose, or who from innocent misfortune during their own lives are unable to give a suitable education to their children." These words show that the founder did *not* contemplate the poorer classes, but such persons as usually leave behind them sufficient means to educate their children. The trustees—of whom the Justice-General is chairman—wisely deeming that Edinburgh was overdone with endowments for the poorer and lower middle classes; and considering that probably no class is so poor and feeble as those members of the middle or professional classes who have by misfortune fallen into poor circumstances, determined to found a high-class school after the model of the English Public Schools, to which foundationers from the class above described should be admitted free, while all others should be admitted on payment of a full price.

Of all classes of the community, there is none that appeals more to our sympathy, and especially in the matter of education, than that of the poor and reduced gentry, though it is not a class which can make itself felt at the polling-booths, or which cares to parade its sufferings. The class which combines culture with straitened means is a source of special strength to the

nation, and has a special claim on it in return. It is composed of those who have engaged unsuccessfully in professions, in business, in literature, or art, or who have never found their way to any profession at all. Among this class "innocent misfortune" is not less common, it is perhaps more common, than in others; and when it comes, it brings with it a sting keener perhaps than to any other. For its chief characteristic as a class, whether in failure or success is this—that it has known and appreciated the benefits of a liberal education; and there is no privation so bitter to a cultured and high-minded parent as that of being unable to give to his own children as good an education as he has himself received.

If then the Commissioners can understand any kind of poverty but pauper poverty, we may ask them: May not one out of all the huge endowments of Scotland be justly and wisely allowed to remain for the benefit of this often bravely-struggling class? or is no voice to prevail with them but that of the average rate-payer, who is in fact far more wealthy than the member of the class for whom we plead? Educationally, and as regards the interests of the nation, there can be no doubt as to what their action should be. Here we have a school so good that in fifteen years it has pushed its way to a front rank among the schools of Great Britain, and its existence is a benefit to the whole country. Scotland is notoriously deficient in such schools; the Commissioners are doing nothing to create them; it would be nothing short of a scandal and a national misfortune were they to introduce rash and inconsiderate changes which would lower its character and cripple it in its work.

Now there exists in many Scottish minds a prejudice against boarding-schools. Some deem the education given at Fettes College too expensive; others object to the introduction of the English Public-School system as

an attempt to "Anglicise" our institutions—an offence which in Scotland it little short of criminal. As the success of Fettes College is undoubtedly due to its system, it will be well to point out the main features of the English Public-School system, to show why it must be costly, and what advantages it offers in return.

A day-school undertakes no duty but that of teaching and controlling a boy for a certain number of hours in the day. As soon as the teaching hours are over, the teachers are free, and the scholars no longer under school control. But a boarding-school not only teaches a boy, it also undertakes to regulate his life, to train his character, to consider specially his intellectual wants, to provide for his recreation, his amusement, and his health. It stands absolutely *in loco parentis* to every individual boy. The masters' labour and anxiety are not confined to school hours; they have to study each character; they have to be alive to, and to provide for, all the difficulties and temptations which surround boy-life. To do such work well, men are needed of strong and high characters, possessed of insight and refinement as well as knowledge, and devoted to their duty. Such men must be well paid: and for such work more masters are needed than would suffice for a day-school. Thus, at Fettes College at present, there is about one resident master for every eighteen boys; at one of our best Scottish secondary schools, where the staff is considered ample, there are forty-one boys to each master.

To the cost of tuition, therefore, has to be added the cost of superintendence. Then comes the cost of keep, over a period of not less than thirty-eight or thirty-nine weeks: and growing boys must be well, if simply, fed. In the matter of buildings, it is obvious that a boarding-school has many more needs than a day-school. It must furnish sufficient play-grounds, and other means of recreation, both for summer and winter;

a sanatorium, a gymnasium, a swimming-bath, five-courts, a library in which boys may read in bad weather, are all valuable, indeed almost necessary, adjuncts: all these not only entail a heavy outlay at the outset, but also a regular yearly cost for maintenance. Such advantages as these have to be obtained for a day scholar, if he gets them at all, apart from the school; so that the cost of his recreations does not figure in his school accounts. All this should be taken account of in considering what is a reasonable amount to pay for a boy's keep and education at a boarding-school.

Thus a boarding school, conducted on the principles of an English Public School, and thoroughly equipped to enable it to do its work well, must necessarily be a more expensive institution than a day school; and if it be not well equipped, then the whole system will break down, and all the evils which were connected with the old "monastic system," as it was carried out in some of our Scottish Hospitals, will reappear. Those evils were caused by boys being huddled together in a confined space, under strict discipline possibly, but without sufficient individual superintendence, in an atmosphere from which all the elements of freedom and natural enjoyment were absent. No life could be more different from this than that of an English Public School, in which, along with good teaching and careful moral guidance under the hands of cultured masters, the boys have a natural healthy life of their own, organised in such a way as to assist their social, moral, and physical development. The active energies, the organised interests, the carefully regulated self-government, and continual give-and-take of a public school life give an admirable training in manners and manliness, in honour and *esprit de corps*, and save many a boy from the selfishness and the narrowness, from the self-consciousness and touchiness, from the diffidence or the boorishness, which are so often to be seen in

those who have not learnt from an early age to jostle with their fellows, and to take their part both in forming, and conforming to, the demands of a healthy public opinion.

The system, then, is necessarily costly: what are the special advantages which it provides? Are they worth having at the price?

(1) As to health. It is of the utmost importance for the health and development of growing boys, that they should have their meals not only at regular, but at suitable, hours; that they should not be obliged or allowed to work too long at a sitting; that they should have regular and systematic exercise; and lastly, that the hours devoted to recreation should be distributed as evenly and judiciously as possible amongst the hours devoted to work. Lungs need airing as well as class-rooms; and it is a physiological law that in the young neither mind nor body can be worked long at a stretch without impairing the efficiency of both, or even inflicting upon them permanent injury. No lesson should last longer than an hour: at the end of each lesson some relief should be afforded, some exercise taken, before the commencement of the next. Meals should not be deferred too long; four, or at the most five hours, should be the maximum interval.

To carry out such arrangements as these in day schools, especially such as are situated in large towns, is almost impossible. In Scotland it often happens that a boy leaves home after a hurried breakfast at eight in the morning, and is kept at work till three in the afternoon, with insufficient intervals and without taking any exercise worthy of the name. He will then hurry home to dinner, after which in the winter months it will be too late to go out, even if the work to be prepared at home permitted him to do so. But the tired brain may have to set to work again at once with new tasks, and weary hours are spent over

work which could be better done, and done in half the time, had the mind been freshened by air and exercise, and were a set time fixed within which it must be done. Parents frequently permit or encourage over-work of this kind. Still worse is it when work is allowed to encroach upon the hours of sleep, and the mind, overtaxed to begin with, loses its last chance of recovering its natural energy for the work of the next day.

In other homes, again, too much indulgence is granted to the day scholar when at home. He is allowed to join in the grown-up amusements of the house; he eats too much, sits up too late, has too much excitement. It is the old story—

"Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi;"

whether the parents be over-anxious or over-indulgent, the harm falls upon the scholar.

In a boarding school, the whole day is at the disposal of the masters; the hours for work, for play, for meals, and for sleep can be arranged in whatever manner experience shows to be most conducive to mental and bodily health.

(2) As to regularity of work and discipline. In a boarding-school, discipline and instruction can be carried out with strictness and uniformity. School-work is not interrupted by scholars dropping in, or dropping off, at irregular periods. No irregularity of attendance (except for actual illness) is possible. In a day-school all these disturbing causes exist, and, worst of all, the discipline is constantly liable to be disturbed by the injudicious interference of parents. In some of our secondary schools—especially such as belong to the "gentle" sort—the head master's first care may be to please and gratify the parents; exceptions are made in favour of particular boys, and care is taken that the discipline should not press too hardly on them. Sometimes the headmaster, in appointing

an assistant, will tell him that he must not draw the reins of discipline too tightly; that he must be "judicious" and show "tact;" which means that he must not be too particular about discipline, and must, as far as possible, abstain from administering punishments of which parents would be likely to complain. What discipline can be kept up, what respect can be felt for the masters, under such a system?

(3) Next, as to moral supervision. It is not easy to overrate the moral benefit which may be conferred upon a boy by placing him under the eye and influence of an experienced master—one who is a competent and impartial judge of character, whose business it is to understand boy-nature, and who knows how to give it the warnings or encouragement that it needs. It is common in Scotland to speak of the importance of home influence, and to suppose that all parents are gifted by nature with one of the rarest of all powers—that of judging the young justly, and of knowing how to draw out what is good in them, how to deal wisely and firmly with their faults. Home influence is indeed inestimable; but there are many important points in a boy's character which can be best dealt with by one who is less personally interested than a parent, and there are many trials in life which do not meet a boy until he is sent out in the world, and for which he may be totally unprepared, unless he has already made essays in a miniature life of his own, in which he has had to encounter similar trials, foreseen and moderated for him, and through which he has had an experienced hand to help him.

(4) A few words may be added as to the Sixth-Form or Monitorial system, by which a certain amount of authority over the other boys is given to the head boys of the school, under the title of *monitors*, *praepostors*, or *prefects*. Many persons entertain a prejudice against the idea of giving one boy authority over another boy; but, in reality, the exercise of such authority is indispensable for securing due liberty

to the weak, for checking wrong and evil of every kind, and for creating not only a high level of public spirit, but also a high tone of morality and conduct throughout an entire school. Public opinion of some sort must exist in a school, and once formed, exercises the most powerful influence; and the monitorial system is simply a mode of reducing this public opinion to rule—first thoughtfully considered and shaped by the masters in concert with the best boys, then enforced by those who have been directly influenced by the masters.

(5) It is sometimes said that the education afforded by the English Public Schools, however excellent in itself for those to whom it is suitable, does not afford a good preparation for those who will have to make their own way in the world by hard, and perhaps dull, work; and that it especially unfits boys for the dull drudgery with which a business career, if it is to be successful, must necessarily begin. Experience does not confirm this opinion. The life of a public school is busy and bracing; boys' tastes as a rule are healthy; their admiration is bestowed upon what is vigorous and manly; they have little respect for self-indulgence, and have no regard for money for its own sake. There is nothing necessarily contracting in a business life: but if anything *could* make it so, it would be the practice of cutting off those who are to take part in it at a needlessly early age from the natural pursuits, the wider interests, the greater insight into life as a whole, which are enjoyed by those who go through a complete course in one of our Public Schools. Such boys are more fit, not less fit, to deal with any circumstances in which they may be placed; they know life better; they have been taught to face difficulties; they have acquired a self-command and a power of influencing others which will serve them in good stead in whatever business they may be placed.

Such are the main features of the

English Public School system; and it is adopted more or less completely in all English schools of the first grade. Its advantages are obviously not within the reach of all; and there will always be a large number of parents who will, on principle, prefer day schools to boarding schools. There is room enough for all in Scotland; and the Trustees of Fettes College deserve the thanks of all friends of the higher culture for having taken a liberal view of their powers, for having aimed at a high standard, and for having proved conclusively that the English Public-school System can be worked as successfully in Scotland as in England, and, when established upon an adequate scale, will produce the same high scholarship, the same high moral tone, which distinguishes the best English schools. At Fettes, the system has become fully established; and its establishment has been a benefit to the whole country. Any serious interference with the principles on which it is conducted would be a public misfortune.

The Commissioners have, happily, decided, by a majority of their number, to resist the pressure put upon them to lower the whole character of the school, and to maintain it, more or less, upon its present lines. But there are serious blots upon their scheme as it stands, and in the vain attempt to satisfy an ignorant outside clamour, partly supported by two of the Commissioners themselves, changes have been introduced which, if not reconsidered, will be seriously damaging to the efficiency of the school. We have only space to call attention, very briefly, to the leading defects of the scheme.

1. The governing body is too entirely local in its character. The foundation is happily to be a national, not a local one; the governors should not therefore be appointed exclusively by Edinburgh bodies. In this, and other instances, it is much to be regretted that the Commissioners have not introduced the principle—almost universal in the English schemes—of

having a certain proportion of Co-optative governors. No bodies or persons are so likely to make choice of suitable persons to act as governors of a school as the members of the governing body itself.

It would further be just, as well as expedient, to give a distinct voice to the Assistant Masters in the management of the school. In the schemes of the English Public Schools, one of the members of the governing body is elected by the masters of the school. They usually appoint some person of acknowledged position as an educationist, and in this way materially strengthen that body. None are more interested in the success of a school than the masters who conduct it, and their interests and opinions ought to be represented.

2. The inconsistency of making fee-paying pupils pay for the rent of the boarding-houses they occupy, and not applying the same principle to schools of a lower grade, has already been pointed out. As a matter of fact, the boarders are a source of great strength to the school; without them, the foundation would be shorn of half its advantages. It is perfectly legitimate therefore that boarding-houses—and more of them are much needed for the development of the school—should be built out of the funds of the foundation, especially as all profit upon the boarding goes to the school fund, and not, as in English schools, to the boarding-house masters. Provision should expressly be made for building more boarding-houses.

3. The age of 18 has been fixed as that at which boys must leave, except under very special circumstances. This age must have been fixed by inadvertence. The age for leaving all English public schools is 19, and it would be quite impossible for Fettes College to compete upon even terms with them for scholarships and similar competitions if a whole year were to be taken out of the school course.

4. The new arrangements for admis-

sion to the foundation are good; but there can be no reason for limiting the number of those admitted to the examinations (out of the total number of those qualified by poverty of circumstances) to three times the number of the vacancies to be filled up. The competition should be free to all who satisfy the prescribed conditions.

5. The tendency towards narrow undesirable restrictions shows itself again where it is least in place, in the regulation for entrance foundation scholarships. Here, if anywhere, competition should be absolutely free; the main purpose of such scholarships is to attract ability and good training to a school wherever they may be found. Yet the Commissioners propose to restrict the competition to boys who have spent three years in public or State-aided schools, or at schools subject to Government inspection, under the Endowment Act of 1882. Such a restriction will be a fatal mistake, and is absolutely without justification or excuse, when imposed in addition to the other restriction that the candidates' "parents and guardians shall be in such circumstances as to require aid for giving them a higher education."

6. Day scholars are, in future, to be admitted to the school. To this, in itself, there is no great objection; but it is further provided that the hours of attendance shall be so fixed as to permit the attendance of scholars residing in Edinburgh. Here again, from sheer inadvertence and want of familiarity with the practical working of schools, the Commissioners make a proposal which would upset the whole teaching arrangements of the school, and rob it precisely of those advantages in which the superiority of boarding-schools over day-schools mainly consists. The early hours universally insisted on in boarding schools are essential to the proper working of the system, as has been already pointed out, and constitute one of its best features. Yet the Commissioners are prepared to sacrifice all these advantages

for the sake of theoretically admitting a few Edinburgh boys as day-scholars, for whom there are excellent day-schools in Edinburgh already, if their parents prefer that kind of education for them.

7. The head master should have the sole power of appointing and dismissing assistant masters; and he should also have power to dismiss or suspend any boy for any adequate cause, to be judged by him, subject only in the latter case to the condition of sending in a full report in writing to the governors. Such powers are granted to all head masters in English schemes, and they are essential to the proper management and discipline of a school.

8. Once more the local principle leaks out in the conditions as to the "Fettes Exhibitions" of 60*l.* a year. These are to be tenable only at the university of Edinburgh. On what possible principle should the other universities of Scotland, or even the English universities, be shut to the holders of these exhibitions? Here once again we find the testator more liberal than his interpreters; for he attached a codicil to his will expressly empowering his trustees to pay "such sums as they may think proper for finishing the education of such of the children as they may select by sending them to the University of Edinburgh, or such other university as my trustees may think proper."¹

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Commissioners will reconsider these points; and that, as they have wisely determined to maintain the school as it is, they will do everything in their power to strengthen it to take its proper place as the first public school in Scotland.

These and other modifications of the proposed scheme are essential if Fettes' College is to maintain the position it has already secured for itself, and to fill with increasing advantage

¹ We need scarcely point out that this clause again shows conclusively that Sir William Fettes contemplated a high-class education, leading right on to the universities.

to the nation the unique place which it holds in the Scottish educational system. Let the endowments of Scotland have at least one example to point to of a school of the highest class, organised in the best way, and producing results as high as those produced by any school in the kingdom. If elsewhere the commissioners have held themselves bound to interpret their instructions in the narrowest way, to maintain or impose restrictions which can only have the effect of lowering the quality of education given—if elsewhere they feel bound to forbid Greek to be taught—let them at least, in the one case that admits of it, allow a great school to remain organised on principles of absolutely open competition, teaching the highest subjects, attracting the best talent from every part of the country, and conferring a priceless boon upon a class which in a special manner deserves our sympathy. There are here no testator's wishes to be disregarded, no restrictive conditions imposed by the Act. The attempt to prove that the testator intended specially a school of the ordinary middle-class or lower middle-class type, has utterly broken down. He left to his trustees absolute discretion as to the kind of education to be provided; and they have acted most wisely in not adding one more to that class of school which is too numerous in Edinburgh already. The legality of their action has indeed been questioned: but by whom? And who are the trustees whose law has thus been assailed? Two of them are judges in the Court of Session: the Chairman of the Trust, who has been its guide and moving

spirit, is the Lord Justice-General, the President of the Scottish College of Justice, known not only as a great lawyer, but as a master of the subject of education. He has himself explained and completely vindicated the course pursued by the trustees before previous Commissions. The impugnor of the legality of that course is Mr. John Ramsay of Kildalton, Islay, M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs and a member of the Commission. In a note of dissent from the scheme of the commissioners, he says:—"I am not a lawyer, but reading Sir William Fettes's will, according to what I conceive to be its plain meaning, I am of opinion that the application of his funds for the purpose of establishing an institution resembling one of the English Public Schools was not warranted by the provisions of his settlement." And so far does he hold the trustees to have mis-read and mis-used their powers, that he holds that none of them ought to be nominated by the commission to act on the governing body for the future. The Justice-General must feel deeply humbled by such a correction of his law coming from such a quarter. We are irresistibly reminded of the famous speech of Marcus Scaurus, when accused of treason by the tribune of the plebs, Q. Varius: "*Romans! Q. Varius, the Spaniard, has accused M. Aemilius Scaurus, Chief of the Senate. Which do you believe?*" Nor can we doubt that were the people of Scotland similarly appealed to, the objecting Western voice would be not less summarily extinguished in one universal acclamation.

UNEXPLAINED.

"For facts are stubborn things."

SMOLLETT.

I.

"SILBERBACH! What in the name of everything that is eccentric should you go there for? The most uninteresting, out-of-the-way, altogether unattractive little hole in all Germany? What can have put Silberbach in your head?"

"I really don't know," I answered, rather tired, to tell the truth, of the discussion. "There doesn't seem any particular reason why anybody ever should go to Silberbach, except that Goethe and the Duke of Weimar are supposed to have gone there to dance with the peasant maidens. I certainly don't see that that is any reason why I should go there. Still, on the other hand, I don't see that it is any reason why I should *not*? I only want to find some thoroughly country place where the children and I can do as we like for a fortnight or so. It is really too hot to stay in a town, even a little town like this."

"Yes, that is true," said my friend. "It is a pity you took up your quarters in the town. You might have taken a little villa outside, and then you would not have needed to go away at all."

"I wanted a rest from housekeeping, and our queer old inn is very comfortable," I said. "Besides, being here, would it not be a pity to go away without seeing anything of the famed Thuringian Forest?"

"Yes, certainly it would. I quite agree with you about everything except about Silberbach. *That* is what I cannot get over. You have not enough self-assertion, my dear. I am certain Silberbach is some freak of Herr von Walden's—most unpractical man. Why, I really am not at all sure

that you will get anything to eat there."

"I am not afraid of *that* part of it," I replied philosophically. "With plenty of milk, fresh eggs, and bread and butter we can always get on. And those I suppose we are sure to find."

"Milk and eggs—yes, I suppose so. Butter is doubtful once you leave the tourist track, and the bread will be the sour bread of the country."

"I don't mind that—nor do the children. But if the worst comes to the worst we need not stay at Silberbach—we can always get away."

"That is certainly true; if one can get there one can, I suppose, always get away," answered Fräulein Ottilia with a smile, "though I confess it is a curious inducement to name for going to a place—that one can get away from it! However, we need not say any more about it. I see your heart is set on Silberbach, and I am quite sure I shall have the satisfaction of hearing you own I was right in trying to dissuade you from it, when you come back again," she added, rather maliciously.

"Perhaps so. But it is not *only* Silberbach we are going to. We shall see lots of other places. Herr von Walden has planned it all. The first three days we shall travel mostly on foot. I think it will be great fun. Nora and Reggie are enchanted. Of course I would not travel on foot alone with them, it would hardly be safe, I suppose!"

"Safe? oh, yes, safe enough. The peasants are very quiet civil people—honest and kindly, though generally

desperately poor! But you would be *safe* enough anywhere in Thuringia. It is not like Alsace, where now and then one does meet with rather queer customers in the forests. So good by then, my dear, for the next two or three weeks—and may you enjoy yourself."

"Especially at Silberbach?"

"Even at Silberbach—that is to say, even if I have to own you were right and I wrong. Yes, my dear, I am unselfish enough to hope you will return having found Silberbach an earthly paradise."

And waving her hand in adieu, kind Fräulein Ottilia stood at her garden gate watching me make my way down the dusty road.

"She is a little prejudiced, I dare say," I thought to myself. "Prejudiced against Herr von Walden's choice, for I notice every one here has their pet places and their special aversions. I dare say we shall like Silberbach, and if not, we need not stay there after the Waldens leave us. Any way, I shall be thankful to get out of this heat into the real country."

I was spending the summer in a part of Germany hitherto new ground to me. We had—the "we" meaning myself and my two younger children, Nora of twelve and Reggie of nine—settled down for the greater part of the time in a small town on the borders of the Thuringian Forest. Small, but not in its own estimation unimportant, for it was a "Residenz," with a fortress of sufficiently ancient date to be well worth visiting, even had the view from its ramparts been far less beautiful than it was. And had the little town possessed no attractions of its own, natural or artificial, the extreme cordiality and kindness of its most hospitable inhabitants would have left the pleasantest impression on my mind. I was sorry to leave my friends even for two or three weeks, but it was *too* hot! Nora was pale and Reggie's noble appetite gave signs of flagging. Besides—as I had said to Ottilia—it

would be too absurd to have come so far and not see the lions of the neighbourhood.

So we were to start the next morning for an excursion in the so-called "Forest," in the company of Herr von Walden, his wife, and son, and two young men, friends of the latter. We were to travel by rail over the first part of the ground, uninteresting enough, till we reached a point where we could make our way on foot through the woods for a considerable distance. Then, after spending the night in a village whose beautiful situation had tempted some enterprising speculator to build a good hotel, we proposed the next day to plunge still deeper into the real recesses of the forest, walking and driving by turns, in accordance with our inclination and the resources of the country in respect of *Einspinner*s—the light carriage with the horse invariably yoked at one side of the pole instead of between shafts, in which one gets about more speedily and safely than might be imagined. And at the end of three or four days of this, weather permitting, agreeably nomad life, our friends the Waldens, obliged to return to their home in the town from which we started, were to leave my children and me for a fortnight's country air in this same village of Silberbach which Ottilia so vehemently objected to. I did not then, I do not now, know—and I am pretty sure he himself could not say—why our guide, Herr von Walden, had chosen Silberbach from among the dozens of other villages which could quite as well—as events proved, indeed, infinitely better—have served our very simple purpose. It was a chance, as such things often are, but a chance which, as you will see, left its mark in a manner which can never be altogether effaced from my memory.

The programme was successfully carried out. The weather was magnificent. Nobody fell ill or foot-sore, or turned out unexpectedly bad-tempered. And it was hot enough, even in the

forest shades, which we kept to as much as possible, to have excused some amount of irritability. But we were all sound and strong, and had entered into a tacit compact of making the best of things and enjoying ourselves as much as we could. Nora and Reggie perhaps, by the end of the second day, began to have doubts as to the delights of indefinitely continued walking excursions, and though they would not have owned to it, they were not, I think, sorry to hear that the greater part of the fourth day's travels was to be on wheels. But they were very well off. Lutz von Walden and his two friends, a young baron—rather the typical "German student" in appearance, though in reality as hearty and unsentimental as any John Bull of his age and rank—and George Norman, an English boy of seventeen or eighteen, "getting up" German for an army examination, were all three only too ready to carry my little boy on their backs on any sign of over-fatigue. And indeed, more than one hint reached me, that they would willingly have done the same by Nora, had the dignity of her twelve years allowed of such a thing. She scarcely looked her age at that time, but she was very conscious of having entered "on her teens," and the struggle between this new importance and her hitherto almost boyish tastes was amusing to watch. She was strong and healthy in the extreme, intelligent though not precocious, observant but rather matter-of-fact, with no undue development of the imagination, nothing that by any kind of misapprehension or exaggeration could have been called "morbid" about her. It was a legend in the family, that the word "nerves" existed not for Nora: she did not know the meaning of *fear*, physical or moral. I could sometimes wish she had never learnt otherwise. But we must take the bad with the good, the shadow inseparable from the light. The first perception of things not dreamt of in her simple childish philosophy came to Nora as I would not

have chosen it; but so, I must believe it had to be.

"Where are we to sleep to-night, Herr von Walden, please?" asked Reggie from the heights of Lutz's broad shoulders, late that third afternoon, when we were all, not the children only, beginning to think that a rest even in the barest of inn parlours, and a dinner even of the most modest description would be very welcome.

"Don't tease so, Reggie," said Nora. "I'm sure Herr von Walden has told you the name twenty times already."

"Yes, but I forget it," urged the child; and good-natured Herr von Walden, nowise loath to do so again, took up the tale of our projected doings and destinations.

"To-night, my dear child, we sleep at the pretty little town—yes, town I may almost call it, of Seeberg. It stands in what I may call an oasis of the forest, which stops abruptly, and begins again some miles beyond Seeberg. We should be there in another hour or so," he went on, consulting his watch. "I have, of course, written for rooms there, as I have done to all the places where we meant to halt. And so far I have not proved a bad courier, I flatter myself?"

He paused, and looked round him complacently.

"No, indeed," replied everybody. "The very contrary. We have got on capitally."

At which the beaming face of our commander-in-chief beamed still more graciously.

"And to-morrow," continued Reggie in his funny German, pounding away vigorously at Lutz's shoulders meanwhile, "what do we do to-morrow? We must have an *Einspänner*—is it not so? not that we are tired, but you said we had far to go."

"Yes, an *Einspänner* for the ladies—your amiable mother, Miss Nora, and my wife, and you, Reggie, will find a corner beside the driver. Myself and these young fellows," indicating the three friends by a wave of the hand, "will start from Seeberg be-

times, giving you *rendezvous* at Ulricthal where there are some famous ruins. And you must not forget," he added, turning to his wife and me, "to stop at Grünstein as you pass, and spend a quarter of an hour in the china manufactory there."

"Just what I wanted," said Frau von Walden. "I have a tea-service from there, and I am in hopes of matching it. I had a good many breakages last winter with a dreadfully careless servant, and there is a good deal to replace."

"I don't think I know the Grünstein china," I said. "Is it very pretty?"

"It is very like the blue and white one sees so much of with us," said Frau von Walden. "That, the ordinary blue and white is made at Blauenstein. But there is more variety of colours at Grünstein. They are rather more enterprising there, I fancy, and perhaps there is a finer quality of china clay, or whatever they call it, in that neighbourhood. I often wonder the Thuringian china is not more used in England, where you are so fond of novelties."

"And where nothing is so appreciated as what comes from a distance," said George Norman. "By Jove! isn't that a pretty picture!" he broke off suddenly, and we all stood still to admire.

It was the month of August; already the subdued evening lights were replacing the brilliant sunshine and blue sky of the glowing summer day. We were in the forest, through which at this part ran the main road which we were following to Seeberg. At one side of the road the ground descended abruptly to a considerable depth, and there in the defile far beneath us ran a stream, on one bank of which the trees had been for some distance cleared away, leaving a strip of pasture of the most vivid green imaginable. And just below where we stood, a goat-herd, in what—thanks possibly to the enchantment of the distance—appeared a picturesque cos-

tume, was slowly making his way along, piping as he went, and his flock, of some fifteen or twenty goats of every colour and size, following him according to their own eccentric fashion, some scrambling on the bits of rock a little way up the ascending ground, others quietly browsing here and there on their way—the tinkling of their collar-bells reaching us with a far-away silvery sound through the still softer and fainter notes of the pipe. There was something strangely fascinating about it all—something pathetic in the goatherd's music, simple, barbaric even as it was, and in the distant uncertain tinkling, which impressed us all, and for a moment or two no one spoke.

"What is it that it reminds me of?" said Lutz suddenly. "I seem to have seen and heard it all before."

"Yes, I know exactly how you mean," I replied. "It is like a dream," and as I said so, I walked on again a little in advance of the others with Lutz and his rider. For I *thought* I saw a philosophical or metaphysical dissertation preparing in Herr von Walden's bent brows and general look of absorption, and somehow, just then it would have spoilt it all. Lutz seemed instinctively to understand, for he too for a moment or so was silent. When suddenly a joyful cry arose.

"Seeberg!" exclaimed several voices. For the first sight of our temporary destination broke upon the view all at once, as is often the case in these more or less wooded districts. One travels for hours together as if in an enchanted land of changeless monotony; trees, trees everywhere and nothing but trees—one could fancy late in the afternoon that one was back at the early morning's starting point—when suddenly the forest stops—sharply and completely, where the hand of man has decreed that it should, not by gradual degrees as when things have been left to the gentler management of nature and time.

So our satisfaction was the greater

from not having known the goal of that day's journey to be so near. We began to allow to each other for the first time that we were "a *little* tired," and with farless hesitation, that we were "very hungry." Still we were not a very dilapidated-looking party when the inhabitants of Seeberg turned out at doors and windows to inspect us. Reggie, of course, whom no considerations would have induced to make his entry on Lutz's shoulders, looking the freshest of all, and eliciting many complimentary remarks from the matrons and maidens of the place as we passed.

Our quarters at Seeberg met with the approval of everybody. The supper was excellent, our rooms as clean and comfortable as could be wished.

"So far," I could not help saying to my friends, "I have seen no signs of the 'roughing it,' for which you prepared me. I call this luxurious."

"Yes, this is very comfortable," said Herr von Walden. "At Silberbach, which we shall reach to-morrow evening, all will be much more homely."

"But that is what I like," I maintained stoutly. "I assure you I am not at all *difficile*, as the French say."

"Still"—began Frau von Walden, "are you sure that you know what 'roughing it' means? One has such romantic, unpractical ideas till one really tries it. For me, I confess, there is something very depressing in being without all the hundred and one little comforts, not to say luxuries, that have become second nature to us, and yet I hope, I do not think I am a self-indulgent woman."

"Certainly not," I said, and with sincerity.

"If it were necessary I hope I should be quite ready to live in a cottage and make the best of it cheerfully. But when it is not necessary? Don't you think, my dear friend, it would perhaps be wiser for you to arrange to spend your two or three weeks *here*, and not go on to Silberbach? You might return here to-

morrow from Ulrichsthal while we make our way home by Silberbach, if my husband really wishes to see it."

I looked at her in some surprise. What possessed everybody to caution me so against Silberbach? Everybody, that is to say, except Herr von Walden himself. A spice of contradiction began to influence me. Perhaps the worthy Herr had himself been influenced in the same way more than he realised.

"I don't see why I should do so," I said. "We expect really to enjoy ourselves at Silberbach. You have no reason for advising me to give it up?"

"No, oh no—none in particular," she replied. "I have only a feeling that it is rather out of the way and lonely for you. Supposing, for instance one of the children got ill there?"

"Oh, my dear, you are *too* fanciful," said her husband. "Why should the children get ill there more than anywhere else? If one thought of all these possibilities one would never stir from home."

"And you know my maid is ready to follow me as soon as I quite settle where we shall stay," I said. "I shall not be alone more than four-and-twenty hours. Of course it would have been nonsense to bring Lina with us; she would have been quite out of her element during our walking expeditions."

"And I have a very civil note from the inn at Silberbach, the Katze," said Herr von Walden, pulling a mass of heterogeneous-looking papers out of his pocket. "Where can it be? Not that it matters; he will have supper and beds ready for us to-morrow night. And then," he went on to me, "if you like it you can make some arrangement for the time you wish to stay, if not you can return here, or go on to any place that takes your fancy. We, my wife and I and these boys, *must* be home by Saturday afternoon, so we can only stay the one night at Silberbach," for this was Thursday.

And so it was settled.

The next day dawned as bright and cloudless as its predecessors. The gentlemen had started—I should be afraid to say how early—meaning to be overtaken by us at Ulrichsthal. Reggie had gone to bed with the firm intention of accompanying them, but as it was not easy to wake him and get him up in time to eat his breakfast, and be ready when the *Einspänner* came round to the door, my predictions that he would be too sleepy for so early a start proved true.

It was pleasant in the early morning—pleasanter than it would be later in the day. I noticed an unusual amount of blue haze on the distant mountain tops, for the road along which we were driving was open on all sides for some distance, and the view was extensive.

"That betokens great heat, I suppose," I said, pointing out the appearance I observed to my companion.

"I suppose so. That bluish mist probably increases in hot and sultry weather," she said. "But it is always to be seen more or less in this country, and is, I believe, peculiar to some of the German hill and forest districts. I don't know what it comes from—whether it has to do with the immense number of pines in the forests, perhaps. Some one, I think, once told me that it indicates the presence of a great deal of electricity in the air, but I am far too ignorant to know if that is true or not."

"And I am far too ignorant to know what the effect would be if it were so," I said. "It is a very healthy country, is it not?"

"For strangers it certainly is. Doctors send their patients here from all parts of Germany. But the inhabitants themselves do not seem strong or healthy. One sees a good many deformed people, and they all look pale and thin—much less robust than the people of the Black Forest. But that may come from their poverty—the peasants of the Black Forest are proverbially well off."

A distant, very distant, peal of thunder was heard at this moment.

"I hope the weather is not going to break up *just* yet," I said. "Are there often bad thunder-storms here?"

"Yes; I think we do have a good many in this part of the world," she replied. "But I do not think there are any signs of one at present."

And then, still a little sleepy and tired from our unusual exertions of the last few days, we all three, Frau von Walden, Nora, and myself, sat very still for some time, though the sound of Reggie's voice persistently endeavouring to make the driver understand his inquiries, showed that he was as lively as ever.

He turned round after a while in triumph.

"Mamma, Frau von Walden," he exclaimed, "we are close to that place where they make the cups and saucers. Herr von Walden said we weren't to forget to go there—and you all *would* have forgotten, you see, if it hadn't been for me," he added complacently.

"Grünstein," said Frau von Walden. "Well, tell the driver to stop there, he can rest his horses for half-an-hour or so; and thank you for reminding us, Reggie, for I should have been sorry to lose the opportunity of matching my service."

The china manufactory was not of any very remarkable interest, at least not for those who had visited such places before. But the people were exceedingly civil, and evidently much pleased to have visitors, and while my friend was looking out the things she was specially in search of—a business which promised to take some little time—a good-natured sub-manager, or functionary of some kind, proposed to take the children to see the sheds where the first mixing and kneading took place, the moulding rooms, the painting rooms, the ovens—in short, the whole process. They accepted his offer with delight, and I wandered about the various pattern or show rooms, examining and admiring all that was to be seen, poking into cor-

ners where any specially pretty bit of china caught my eye. But there was no great variety in design or colour, though both were good of their kind, the Grünsteiners, like their rivals of Blauenstein, seeming content to follow in the steps of their fathers without seeking for new inspirations. Suddenly, however, all but hidden in a corner, far away back on a shelf, a flash of richer tints made me start forward eagerly. There was no one near to apply to at the moment, so I carefully drew out my treasure trove. It was a cup and saucer, evidently of the finest quality of china, though pretty similar in shape to the regular Grünstein ware, but in colouring infinitely richer—really beautiful, with an almost Oriental cleverness in the blending of the many shades, and yet decidedly more striking and uncommon than any of the modern Oriental with which of late years the facilities of trade with the East have made us so familiar. I stood with the cup in my hand, turning it around and admiring it, when Frau von Walden and the woman who had been attending to her orders came forward to where I was.

"See here," I exclaimed: "here is a lovely cup! Now a service like that *would* be tempting! Have you more of it?" I inquired of the woman.

She shook her head.

"That is all that remains," she said. "We have never kept it in stock; it is far too expensive. Of course it can be made to order, though it would take some months, and cost a good deal."

"I wish I could order a service of it," I said; but when I heard how much it would probably cost it was my turn to shake my head. "No, I must consider about it," I decided; "but I really have never seen anything prettier. Can I buy this cup?"

The woman hesitated.

"It is the only one left," she said; "but I think—oh yes, I feel sure—we have the pattern among the painting designs. This cup belonged to—or

rather was an extra one of a tea service made expressly for the Duchess of T—, on her marriage, now some years ago. And it is curious, we sold the other one—there were two too many—to a compatriot of yours—(the gracious lady is English?)—two or three years ago. He admired them so much, and felt sure his mother would send an order if he took it home to shew her. A tall, handsome young man he was. I remember it so well; just about this time of the year, and hot, sultry weather like this. He was travelling on foot—for pleasure, no doubt—for he had quite the air of a 'milord.' And he bought the cup, and took it with him. But he has never written! I made sure he would have done so."

"He did not leave his name or address?" I said: for the world is a small place: it was just possible I might have known him, and the little coincidence would have been curious.

"Oh no," said the woman. "But I have often wondered why he changed his mind. He seemed so sure about sending the order. It was not the price that made him hesitate; but he wished his lady mother to make out the list herself."

"Well, I confess the price *does* make me hesitate," I said, smiling. "However, if you will let me buy this cup, I have great hopes of proving a better customer than my faithless compatriot."

"I am sure he *meant* to send the order," said the woman. She spoke quite civilly, but I was not sure that she liked my calling him "faithless."

"It is evident," I said to Frau von Walden, "that the good-looking young Englishman made a great impression on her. I rather think she gave him the fellow cup for nothing."

But after all I had no reason to be jealous, for just then the woman returned, after consulting the manager, to tell me I might have the cup and saucer, and for a less sum than their real worth, seeing that I was taking it, in a sense, as a pattern.

Then she wrapped it up for me, carefully and in several papers, of which the outside one was bright blue; and, very proud of my acquisition, I followed Frau von Walden to the other side of the building containing the workrooms, where we found the two children full of interest about all they had seen.

I should here, perhaps, apologise for entering into so much and apparently trifling detail. But as will, I think, be seen when I have told all I have to tell, it would be difficult to give the main facts fairly and so as to avoid all danger of any mistaken impression without relating the whole of the surroundings. If I tried to condense, to pick out the salient points, to enter into no particulars but such as directly and unmistakably lead up to the central interest, I might unintentionally omit what those wiser than I would consider as bearing on it. So, like a patient adjured by his doctor or a client urged by his lawyer to tell the whole at the risk of long-windedness, I prefer to run that risk, while claiming my readers' forgiveness for so doing, rather than that of relating my story incompletely.

And what I would here beg to have specially observed is *that not one word about the young Englishman had been heard by Nora*. She was, in fact, in a distant part of the building at the time the saleswoman was telling us about him. And, furthermore, I am equally certain, and so is Frau von Walden, that neither she nor I, then or afterwards, mentioned the subject to, or in the presence of, the children. I did not show her the cup and saucer, as it would have been a pity to undo its careful wrappings. All she knew about it will be told in due course.

We had delayed longer than we intended at the china manufactory, and in consequence we were somewhat late at the meeting-place—Ulriesthal. The gentlemen had arrived there quite an hour before; so they had ordered luncheon, or dinner rather, at the inn, and thoroughly explored the ruins.

But dinner discussed, and neither Frau von Walden nor I objecting to pipes, our cavaliers were amiably willing to show us all there was to be seen.

The ruins were those of an ancient monastery, one of the most ancient in Germany, I believe. They covered a very large piece of ground, and had they been in somewhat better preservation they would have greatly impressed us; as it was, they were undoubtedly, even to the unlearned in archæological lore, very interesting. The position of the monastery had been well and carefully chosen, for on one side it commanded a view of surpassing beauty over the valley through which we had travelled from Seeberg, while on the other arose still higher ground, richly wooded—for the irrepressible forest here, as it were, broke out again.

"It is a most lovely spot!" I said with some enthusiasm, as we sat in the shade of the ruined cloisters, the sunshine flecking the sward in eccentric patches as it made its way through what had evidently been richly-sculptured windows. "How one wishes it were possible to see it as it must have been—how many!—three or four hundred years ago, I suppose!"

Lutz grunted.

"What did you say, Lutz?" asked his mother.

"Nothing particular," he sighed. "I was only thinking of what I read in the guide-book—that the monastery was destroyed—partly by lightning, I believe, all the same—by order of the authorities, in consequence of the really awful wickedness of the monks who inhabited it. So I am not sure that it would have been a very nice place to visit at the time you speak of, gracious lady, begging your pardon."

"What a pity!" I said, with a little shudder. "I do not like to think of it. And I was going to say how beautiful it must be here in the moonlight! But now that you have disenchanted me, Lutz, I should not like it at all," and I arose as I spoke.

"Why not, mamma?" said Reggie

curiously. I had not noticed that he and his sister were listening to us. "They're not here *now*: not those naughty monks."

"No, of course not," agreed practical Nora. "Mamma only means that it is a pity such a beautiful big house as this must have been *had* to be pulled down—such a waste when there are so many poor people in the world with miserable, little, stuffy houses, or none at all even! That was what you meant, wasn't it, mamma?"

"It is always a pity—the worst of pities—when people are wicked, wherever they are," I replied.

"But *all* monks are not bad," remarked Nora consolingly. "Think of the Great St. Bernard ones, with their dogs."

And on Reggie's inquiring mind demanding further particulars on the subject, she walked on with him somewhat in front of the rest of us—a happy little pair in the sunshine.

"Lutz," said his father, "you cannot be too careful what you say before children: they are often shocked or frightened by so little. Though yours are such healthy-minded little people," he added, turning to me, "it is not likely anything undesirable would make any impression on them."

I particularly remember this little incident.

It turned out a long walk to Silberbach, the longest we had yet attempted. Hitherto Herr von Walden had been on known ground, and thoroughly acquainted with the roads, the distances, and all necessary particulars. But it was the first time he had explored beyond Seeberg, and before we had accomplished more than half the journey, he began to feel a little alarm at the information given us by the travellers we came across at long intervals "coming from," not "going to St. Ives!" For the further we went the greater seemed to be the distance we had to go!

"An hour or thereabouts," grew into "two," or even "three," hours; and at last, on a peculiarly stupid

countryman assuring us we would scarcely reach our destination before nightfall, our conductor's patience broke down altogether.

"Idiots!" he exclaimed. "But I cannot stand this any longer. I will hasten on and see for myself. And if, as I expect, we are really not very far from Silberbach, it will be all the better for me to find out the 'Katze,' and see that everything is ready for your animal."

Frau von Walden seemed a little inclined to protest, but I begged her not to do so, seeing that three able-bodied protectors still remained to us, and that it probably was really tiresome for a remarkably good and trained pedestrian like her husband to have to adapt his vigorous steps to ours. And comfort came from an unexpected quarter—the old peasant woman, strong and muscular as any English labourer, whom we had hired at Seeberg to carry our bags and shawls through the forest, overheard the discussion, and for the first time broke silence to assure "the gracious ladies" that Silberbach was at no great distance, in half an hour or so we should come upon the first of its houses.

"Though as for the 'Katze,'" she added, "that was further off—at the other end of the village;" and she went on muttering something about "if she had known we were going to the 'Katze,'" which we did not understand, but which afterwards, "being translated," proved to mean that she would have stood out for more pay.

Sure enough, at the end of not more than three quarters of an hour we came upon one or two outlying houses. Then the trees, gradually here, grew sparser and soon ceased, except in occasional patches. It was growing dusk, but as we emerged from the wood we found that we were on a height, the forest road having been a steady, though almost imperceptible, ascent. Far below gleamed already some twinkling cottage lights and the silvery reflection of a small piece of water.

"To be sure," said young Von Trachenfels, "there is a lake at Silberbach. Here we are at last! But where is the 'Katze'?"

He might well ask. Never was there so tantalising a place as Silberbach. Instead of one compact, sensible village, it was more like three or four—nay, five or six—wretched hamlets, each at several minutes' distance from all the others. And the "Katze," of course, was at the further end of the furthest off from where we stood of these miserable little ragged ends of village! Climbing is tiring work, but it seemed to me it would have been preferable to what lay before us, a continual descent, by the ruggedest of hill paths, of nearly two miles, stumbling along in the half light, tired, foot-sore past description, yet—to our everlasting credit be it recorded—laughing, or trying to laugh—determined at all costs to make the best of it.

"I have no feet left," said poor Frau von Walden. "I am only conscious of two red-hot balls, attached somehow to my ankles. I dare say they will drop off soon."

How thankful we were at last to attain to what bore some faint resemblance to a village street! How we gazed on every side to discover anything like an inn! How we stared at each other in bewilderment when at last, from we could not see where, came the well-known voice of Herr von Walden, shouting to us to stop.

"It is here—*here*, I say. You are going too far."

"Here," judging by the direction whence came the words, seemed to be a piled-up mass of hay, of proportions, exaggerated perhaps by the uncertain light, truly enormous. Was our friend buried in the middle of it? Not so. By degrees we made out his sun-burnt face, beaming as ever, from out of a window behind the hay—careful or stack, we were not sure which—and by still further degrees we discovered that the hay was being unloaded before a little house which it had almost entirely hidden from view, and inside

which it was being carried, apparently by the front door, for there was no other door to be seen; but as we stood in perplexity, Herr von Walden, whose face had disappeared, emerged in some mysterious way.

"You can come through the kitchen, ladies; or by the window, if you please." But though the boys, and Nora were got, or got themselves, in through the window, Frau von Walden and I preferred the kitchen; and I remember nothing more till we found ourselves all assembled—the original eight as we had started—in a very low-roofed, sandy-floored, tobacco-impregnated sort of cabin which, it appeared, was the *salle-à-manger* of the renowned hostelry "zur Katze" of Silberbach!

Herr von Walden was vigorously mopping his face. It was very red, and naturally so, considering the weather and the want of ventilation peculiar to the "Katze"; but it struck me there was something slightly forced about the beamingness.

"So, so," he began; "all's well that ends well! But I must explain," and he mopped still more vigorously, "that—there has been a slight, in short a little, mistake about the accommodation I wish to secure. The supper I have seen to and it will be served directly. But as to the beds," and here he could not help laughing, "our worthy host has beds enough"—we found afterwards that every available mattress and pillow in the village had been levied—"but there is but one *bedroom*, or two, I may say." For the poor Herr had not lost his time since his arrival. Appalled by the want of resources, he had suggested the levy of beds, and had got the host to spread them on the floor of a granary for himself, the three young men and Reggie; while his wife, Nora and I were to occupy the one bedroom, which luckily contained two small beds and a sort of settee, such as one sees in old farmhouses all over the world.

So it was decided; and, after all, for

one night, what did it matter? For one night? that was for me the question! The supper was really not bad; but the look, and still worse the smell, of the room when it was served, joined no doubt to our excessive fatigue, made it impossible for me to eat anything. My friends were sorry, and I felt ashamed of myself for being so easily knocked up or knocked down. How thoroughly I entered into Frau von Walden's honestly expressed dislike to "roughing it"! Yet it was not only the uncivilised look of the place, nor the coarse food, nor the want of comfort that made me feel that one night of Silberbach would indeed be enough for me. A sort of depression, of fear almost, came over me when I pictured the two children and myself alone in that strange, out-of-the-world place, where it really seemed to me we might all three be made an end of without any one being the wiser of it! There was a general look of squalor and stolid depression about the people too: the landlord was a black browed, surlily silent sort of man, his wife and the one maid-servant looked frightened and anxious, and the only voices to be heard were those of half tipsy peasants drinking and quarrelling at the bar.

To say the least it was not enlivening. Yet my pride was engaged. I did not like to own myself already beaten. After supper I sat apart, reflecting rather gloomily as to what I could or should do, while the young men and the children amused themselves with the one piece of luxury with which the poorest inn in Thuringia is sure to be provided. For, anomalous as it may seem, there was a piano, and by no means an altogether decrepit one, in the sandy-floored parlour!

Herr von Walden was smoking his pipe outside, the hay being by this time housed somewhere or other. His wife, who had been speaking to him, came in and sat down beside me.

"My dear," she said, "you must not be vexed with me for renewing the subject, but I cannot help it: I feel a responsibility. You must not,

you really *must not*, think of staying here alone with those two children. It is not fit for you."

Oh, how I blessed her for breaking the ice! I could hardly help hugging her as I replied—diplomatically—

"You really think so?"

"Certainly I do; and so, though perhaps he won't say so as frankly—so does my husband. He says I am foolish and fanciful; but I confess to feeling a kind of dislike to the place that I cannot explain. Perhaps there is thunder in the air—that always affects my nerves—but I just feel that I cannot agree to your staying on here."

"Very well, I am quite willing to go back to Seeberg to-morrow," I replied meekly. "Of course we can't judge of the place by what we have seen of it to-night, but no doubt, as far as the inn is concerned, Seeberg is much nicer. I dare say we can see all we want by noon to-morrow and get back to Seeberg in the afternoon."

Kind Frau von Walden kissed me rapturously on both cheeks.

"You don't *know*, my dear, the relief to my mind of hearing you say so! And now I think the best thing we can do is to go to bed. For we *must* start at six."

"So early!" I exclaimed, with a fresh feeling of dismay.

"Yes, indeed; and I must bid you good-bye to-night, for, after all, I am not to sleep in your room, which is much better, as I should have had to disturb you so early. My husband has found a tidy room next door in a cottage, and we shall do very well there."

What sort of a place she euphemistically described as "a tidy room" I never discovered. But it would have been useless to remonstrate, the kind creature was so afraid of incommoding us that she would have listened to no objections.

Herr von Walden came in just as we were about to wish each other good-night.

"So!" he said, with a tone of amiable indulgence, "so! And what

do you think of Silberbach? My wife feels sure you will not like it after all."

"I think I shall see as much as I care to see of it in an hour or two to-morrow morning," I replied quietly. "And by the afternoon the children and I will go back to our comfortable quarters at Seeberg."

"Ah, indeed! Yes, I dare say it will be as well," he said airily, as if he had nothing at all to do with decoying us to the place. "Then good-night and pleasant dreams, and——"

"But," I interrupted, "I want to know *how* we are to get back to Seeberg. Can I get an *Einspänner* here?"

"To be sure, to be sure. You have only to speak to the landlord in the morning, and tell him at what hour you want it;" he answered so confidently that I felt no sort of misgiving, and I turned with a smile to finish my good-nights.

The young men were standing close beside us. I shook hands with Trachenfels and Lutz, the latter of whom, though he replied as heartily as usual, looked, I thought, annoyed. George Norman followed me to the door of the room. In front of us was the ladder-like staircase leading to the upper regions.

"What a hole of a place!" said the boy. "I don't mind quite a cottage, if it's clean and cheerful, but this place is so grim and squalid. I can't tell you how glad I am you're not going to stay on here alone. It really isn't fit for you."

"Well, you may be easy, as we shall only be here a few hours after you leave."

"Yes; so much the better. I wish I could have stayed, but I *must* be back at Kronberg to-morrow. Lutz could have stayed and seen you back to Seeberg, but his father won't let him. Herr von Walden is so queer once he takes an idea in his head, and he *won't* allow this place isn't all right."

"But I dare say there would be nothing to hurt us! Any way, I will

write to reassure you that we have not fallen into a nest of cut-throats or brigands," I said laughingly.

Certainly it never occurred to me or to my friends what *would* be the nature of the "experience" which would stamp Silberbach indelibly on our memory.

We must have been really very tired, for, quite contrary to our habit, the children and I slept late the next morning, undisturbed by the departure of our friends at the early hour arranged by them.

The sun was shining, and Silberbach, like every other place, appeared all the better for it. But the view from the window of our room was not encouraging. It looked out upon the village street—a rough, unkempt sort of track, and on its other side the ground rose abruptly to some height, but treeless and grassless. It seemed more like the remains of a quarry of some kind, for there was nothing to be seen but stones and broken pieces of rock.

"We must go out after our breakfast and look about us a little before we start," I said. "But how glad I shall be to get back to that bright, cheerful Seeberg!"

"Yes, indeed," said Nora. "I think this is the ugliest place I ever was at in my life." And she was not inclined to like it any better when Reggie, whom we sent down to reconnoitre, came back to report that we must have our breakfast in our own room.

"There's a lot of rough-looking men down there, smoking and drinking beer. You *couldn't* eat there," said the child.

But, after all, it was to be our last meal there, and we did not complain. The root coffee was not too unpalatable with plenty of good milk; the bread was sour and the butter dubious, as Otilia had foretold, so we soaked the bread in the coffee, like French peasants.

"Mamma," said Nora gravely, "it makes me sorry for poor people. I

dare say many never have anything nicer to eat than this."

"Not nicer than this!" I exclaimed. "Why, my dear child, thousands, not in Germany only, but in France and England, never taste anything as good."

The little girl opened her eyes. There are salutary lessons to be learnt from even the mildest experience of "roughing it."

Suddenly Nora's eyes fell on a little parcel in blue paper. It was lying on one of the shelves of the stove, which, as in most German rooms, stood out a little from the wall, and in its summer idleness was a convenient receptacle for odds and ends. This stove was a high one, of black-leaded iron; it stood between the door and the wall, on the same side as the door, and was the most conspicuous object in the room.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "there is the parcel you brought away from the china place. What is it? I wish you would show it me."

I gave a little exclamation of annoyance.

"Frau von Walden has forgotten it," I said; for my friend, returning straight to Kronberg, had offered to take it home for me in her bag for fear of accidents. "It does not matter," I added, "I will pack it among our soft things. It is a very pretty cup and saucer, but I will show it to you at Kronberg, for it is so nicely wrapped up. Now I am going downstairs to order the *Einspänner*, and we can walk about for an hour or two."

The children came with me. I had some trouble in disinterring the landlord, but at last I found him, of course with a pipe in his mouth, hanging about the premises. He listened to me civilly enough, but when I waited for his reply as to whether the *Einspänner* would be ready about twelve o'clock, he calmly regarded me without speaking. I repeated my inquiry.

"At twelve?" he said calmly. "Yes, no doubt the gracious lady

might as well fix twelve as any other hour, for there was no such thing as a horse, much less an *Einspänner*, to be had at Silberbach."

I stared at him in my turn.

"No horse, no carriage to be had. How do people ever get away from here then?" I said.

"They don't get away—that is to say, if they come at all, they go as they came, in the carriage that brought them; otherwise they neither come nor go. The lady came on foot: she can go on foot; otherwise she can stay."

There seemed something sinister in his words. A horrible, ridiculous feeling came over me that we were caught in a net, as it were, and doomed to stay at Silberbach for the rest of our lives. But I looked at the man. He was simply stolid and indifferent. I did not believe then, nor do I now, that he was anything worse than sulky and uncivilised. He did not even care to have us as his visitors: he had no wish to retain us nor to speed us on our way. Had we remained at the "Katze" from that day to this, I don't believe he would have ever inquired what we stayed for!

"I cannot walk back to Seeberg," I said, half indignantly, "we are too tired; nor would it be safe through the forest alone with two children."

The landlord knocked some ashes off his pipe.

"There may be an ox-cart going that way next week," he observed.

"Next week!" I repeated. Then a sudden idea struck me. "Is there a post-office here?" I said.

Of course there was a post-office; where can one go in Germany where there is not a post and telegraph-office?

"The telegraph officials must be sadly over-worked here," I said to myself. But as far as mine host was concerned I satisfied myself with obtaining the locality of the post-office, and with something like a ray of hope I turned to look for the children. They had been amusing themselves

with the piano in the new empty room, but as I called to them, Reggie ran out with a very red face.

"I wish I were a man, mamma. Fancy! a peasant—one of those men who were drinking beer—came and put his arm around Norah as she was playing. '*Du spielst schön,*' he said, and I *do* believe he meant to kiss her, if I hadn't shaken my fist at him."

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said Nora, equally but more calmly indignant. "I certainly think the sooner we get away the better."

I had to tell them of my discomfiture, but ended with my new idea.

"If there is a post-office," I said, "the mail must stop there, and the mail takes passengers."

But, arrived at the neat little post-house, to reach which without a most tremendous round we had to climb up a really precipitous path, so-called, over the stones and rocks in front of the inn, new dismay awaited us. The post-master was a very old man, but of a very different type from our host. He was sorry to disappoint us, but the mail only stopped here for *letters*—all *passengers* must begin their journey at—I forget where—leagues off on the other side from Silberbach. We wanted to get away! He was not surprised. *What had we come for?* No one ever came here. Were we Americans! Staying at the "Katze"! Good heavens! "A rough place." "I should rather think so."

And this last piece of information fairly overcame him. He evidently felt he must come to the rescue of these poor Babes in the wood.

"Come up when the mail passes from Seeberg this evening at seven, and I will see what I can do with the conductor. If he *happens* to have no passengers to-morrow, he *may* stretch a point and take you in. No one will be the wiser."

"Oh, thanks, thanks," I cried. "Of course I will pay anything he likes to ask."

"No need for that. He is a

braver *Mann* and will not cheat you."

"We shall be here at seven, then. I would rather have started to walk than stayed here indefinitely."

"Not to-day any way. We shall have a storm," he said, looking up to the sky. "Adieu. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

"I wish we had not to stay another night here," I said. "Still, to-morrow morning will soon come."

We spent the day as best we could. There was literally nothing to see, nowhere to go, except back into the forest whence we had come. Nor dared we go far, for the day grew more and more sultry; the strange, ominous silence that precedes a storm came on, adding to our feelings of restlessness and depression. And by about two o'clock, having ventured out again after "dinner," we were driven in by the first great drops. Huddled together in our cheerless little room we watched the breaking loose of the storm demons. I am not affected by thunder and lightning, nor do I dread them. But what a storm that was! Thunder, lightning, howling wind, and rain like no rain I had ever seen before, all mingled together. An hour after it began, a cart standing high and dry in the steep village street was hidden by water to above the top of the wheels—a little more and it would have floated like a boat. But by about five, things calmed down; the few stupid-looking peasants came out of their houses, and gazed about them as if to see what damage had been done. Perhaps it was not much after all—they seemed to take it quietly enough; and by six all special signs of disturbance had disappeared—the torrents melted away as if by magic. Only a strange, heavy mist began to rise, enveloping everything, so that we could hardly believe the evening was yet so early. I looked at my watch.

"Half-past six. We must, mist or no mist, go up to the post-house. But I don't mind going alone, dears."

"No, no, mamma; I must go with

you, to take care of you," said Reggie; "but Nora needn't."

"Perhaps it would be as well," said the little girl. "I have one or two buttons to sew on, and I *am* still rather tired."

And, knowing she was never timid about being left alone, thinking we should be absent half-an-hour at most I agreed.

But the half-hour lengthened into an hour, then into an hour and a half, before the weary mail made its appearance. The road through the forest must be all but impassable, our old friend told us. But oh, how tired Reggie and I were of waiting! though all the time never a thought of uneasiness with regard to *Nora* crossed my mind. And when the mail did come, delayed, as the postmaster had suspected, the good result of his negotiations made us forget all our troubles; for the conductor all but *promised* to take us the next morning, in consideration of a very reasonable extra payment. It was most unlikely he would have any, certainly not many passengers. We must be there, at the post-house by nine o'clock, baggage and all, for he dared not wait a moment, and he would do his best.

Through the evening dusk, now past replacing the scattered mist, Reggie and I, light of heart, stumbled down the rocky path.

"How pleased Nora will be! She will be wondering what has come over us," I said as the "Katze" came in view. "But what is that, Reggie, running up and down in front of the house?

Is it a sheep, or a big white dog? or—or a child? Can it be *Nora*, and no cloak or hat? and so damp and chilly as it is? How can she be so foolish!"

And, with a vague uneasiness, I hurried on.

Yes, it was *Nora*. There was light enough to see her face. What had happened to my little girl? She was white—no, not white, ghastly. Her eyes looked glassy, and yet as if drawn into her head; her whole bright, fearless bearing was gone. She clutched me convulsively as if she would never again let me go. Her voice was so hoarse that I could scarcely distinguish what she said.

"Send Reggie in—he must not hear," were her first words—of rare unselfishness and presence of mind.

"Reggie," I said, "tell the maid to take candles up to our room, and take off your wet boots at once."

My children are obedient; he was off instantly.

Then *Nora* went on, still in a strained, painful whisper—

"Mamma, there has been a *man* in our room, and——"

"Did that peasant frighten you again, dear? Oh, I am so sorry I left you;" for my mind at once reverted to the man whom Reggie had shaken his fist at that morning.

"No, no; not that. I would not have minded. But, mamma, Reggie must never know it—he is so little, he could not bear it—mamma, it was *not* a man. It was—oh, mamma, I have seen a *ghost*!"

To be continued.

A FEW LAST WORDS ON DAY-SCHOOLS AND BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

A WRITER on Catholic education, whose criticisms on English Protestant teachers are most suggestive, says in one of his pamphlets, "It has sometimes been remarked to me, 'You yourself have a school; will it not seem indelicate to say that your brother grocers sand their sugar? Do you expect your school to flourish when you cry down the schools of others? You will find the enemy in front, flank, and rear.' And he goes on to reply, 'As to my own school it is my interest in life, my love, and my pride. But I would sooner see it blown into the air than hesitate to speak.'"

I cannot say that I regard my freedom to speak as of similar importance to that of the warden of Woburn School. But having broken silence I do not wish to be misunderstood, and with the permission of the Editor I will say a few last words. And first as regards what I did not say. I certainly did not "protest," as an "Ex-Day Boy," in the March number of *Macmillan's Magazine* says, "against the continuance of the boarding-house system at Rugby." Perhaps in trying to write as impersonally as possible, I may have seemed to attack institutions which I only wished to supplement. Anyhow I am not unselfish enough to wish to pull down the most interesting work of my life, or to call in the public to assist at the operation.

Boarding-houses are an absolute necessity at our great public schools; it is a simple impossibility that many of the parents should be able to fix their homes at the residence of the school of their choice, and any one who protests against their continuance, specially at Rugby, which is two hours from London and at least one hour from any large town of business, would show that he did not realise English life.

And before I go further, I will be honest, and discount the value of my own remarks. I hold that there are many things that an assistant-master might think, which, however, he is bound only to say to his local chief or local council. If my readers are looking for "revelations," I warn them that here they will find nothing so exciting. If, in the article of last September, I seemed to ignore my own school, it was only because, to use the words of the editor of the *Journal of Education*, I was conscious of my own "Rugby-olatry" and I wished sternly to repress it. Still there are one or two things that I should like to repeat now that I have read my critics.

Are not the boys of England suffering from seeing too little of their homes? Are there not many homes where boys could be better educated than they are at present in many of the large barracks called boarding-schools? And would it not be better for all boys that some of the period of education should be spent at home?

To take the last question first. Is it not an astounding fact that in these days, when women are so carefully educated, mothers think it necessary to send their boys away from home, very often at the age of eight, to be brought up among strangers, in an atmosphere where the prevailing tone is set by a knot of bigger boys? It is perfectly true that there are wives of schoolmasters who endeavour to "mother" their husband's fifty or hundred pupils as conscientiously as they do his sons, and it is marvellous how some of them succeed; but, on the other hand, every schoolmaster must have very painful experiences the other way. It will be replied that so, too, has every schoolmaster experiences of homes where boys are spoilt, or insufficiently taught, or mis-

understood. But all that is contended here is that the good homes should not give way to a fashion, or that, if they do so, they should not expect to have what they cannot get for their money. Schools cannot give stillness and quietude; they are afraid to give enough leisure for fear of its being abused; and they must treat one boy very much as another. The small beginnings of interests in various subjects, which must vary with particular homes according to the profession of the father or the locality where he resides or the surroundings; the attitude of being useful which a young mind will assume for a mother but not for a master; the opportunities of sympathy with other ages and other classes that a home can give and a school very often dare not; the absence of the incessant appeals to competition as a motive for industry; the contagion of intellectual or moral earnestness which is silently working when a boy sees much of his elder blood-relations in his early days—all these things, it is contended, are thrown away too indiscriminately in the England of to-day.

There are certain good qualities that a public schoolmaster can safely reckon on finding in the boys who come from some of our preparatory schools, but those qualities do not include literary interest, originality, variety of taste. How can they? The unfortunate wife of the schoolmaster cannot read to sets of threes the *Arabian Nights*, or the *Waverley* novels, or *Masterman Ready*—the family is on too large a scale; the exquisite sense of being the one consulted which a loving mother can convey to each member even of a large natural family cannot be given to a school. So they will not listen even if there be any to read to them; and even if they do there is not the same uniform directness of aim, backed by family associations, in a school as is supplied by the accumulated store of knowledge and literature embodied in the family library and the family's advice as to choice of books.

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In the same way with out-door life: neighbours soon draw a fence around a boarding-school, and the few nests that may be found on the grounds hardly make up for the loss of the parsonage garden, which an unreasoning fashion discards as a second-rate nursery. To study the natural delights of one spot till they are exhausted is one of the most necessary ingredients in early education.

But it may be said that all this is easily done in the holidays. There are two or three objections to this theory. The first is that parents who only receive their little boys for the holidays have lost the character of being educators; too often they descend into the rank of caterers for the amusement of their children; either they think it necessary to break up the home and go to the seaside, or they suspend their ordinary occupations, the sight of which is really valuable and should be interesting to their children, or in some way they flood the home with excitement. These are they whose worst specimen writes to the *Times* to protest against extra weeks being given for the holidays. Of course if boys are allowed to upset the natural flow of their relations' lives, they are nuisances. Or, again, some parents from never having taught their boys in their early years have no idea of their capabilities, and if they do try to continue in a small degree the process of education during the holidays, commit such mistakes that they give the attempt up in despair, and fall to abuse of the unfortunate schoolmaster for not having brought young Hopeful more on. Or they find that they have so delegated their authority that in two months they cannot easily recover it. In such cases what is here maintained is that parents should take more personal interest in the education of their sons, and not be content to pay large sums to have the trouble taken off their hands, if by any sacrifice they can undertake it. It is not within the scope of the present article

to show how such sacrifice improves the whole tone of the family life; but it may fairly be remarked that the impatience or injudiciousness of parents who have uniformly boarded out their children cannot fairly be quoted as evidence that they are less fitted for their early education than hired schoolmasters. Such parents have simply killed out the nobler side of the parental instinct by neglecting it, and it may fairly be argued that the sooner they develop it afresh the better it will be for their descendants and for the nation. But enough has been said on the first point whether it be not better that some of the period of education be spent at home.

It is a far more difficult question whether as the boy gets older it is desirable that parents should live near a public school, supervising the studies of their sons, instead of sending them to a boarding-house. In the September number of the *Contemporary* last year an attempt was made to sketch the various duties of the boarding-house master. Fortunately the days are gone by when it was common for a house-master to court the cheers of his boys by saying that he knew nothing of what went on in their side of the house, and did not care to know. House masters do try to do their duty by both big and little boys, and do not leave the latter to the exclusive attention of the former. But the list of duties is sufficiently great for even the most Herculean constitution to be glad of assistance, and such assistance, it was argued, can be given by the neighbourhood of some family life with parents keenly watching the success or failure of the school, and gladly welcoming associates for their boys. It is perfectly true that "the number of parents who can afford to settle in the proximity of a great school is limited, and that few can spare the time from their daily business to exercise any real influence over their sons' studies." But all that is needed is an atmosphere of interest in the studies not unfavourable to the morals of the

boys. As Mr. Oscar Browning has well remarked, in a home "there is no need of that elaborate drilling into occupation which presses so heavily on the conscience of a boarding-house-master;" in a well-organised home there is no need of filling up every moment of a boy's time either with work or play; there are more hands to help at any rate, sister or mother, only too glad to be called in; it may be added that the grammar and the dictionary are less likely to have gone astray when the moment comes for their use. It is perfectly true that few parents are either able or present to superintend their son's lessons; but the atmosphere is favourable to work, and that is all that is needed. Masters know well enough the difficulty of creating such an atmosphere in large boarding-houses, and so frequently have to sweep in the boys from their studies into one large room for "preparation." This is in many ways a good expedient, but it is open to two objections: it cannot be said to give stillness or quietude, and it tempts a master to give a boy more help than is good for his natural development.

Again there is the danger of loafing, for sports at a day-school are said not to be worth much. This is an objection which it is entirely in the hands of the masters to remove. The "Ex-Day-Boy" who writes in *Macmillan's Magazine* writes with sensitive exaggeration, but describes what took place in one of our public schools with accuracy. But a little organisation can arrange places of meeting to establish intimacy within the circle of the day-boys, and the head master can secure the co-operation of the parents, and games can be made part of the education of a school, to give which is as much the duty of the institution as it is to see that a boy attends his lessons. Clifton College and Bedford School are examples of what can be done in this respect.

Again it has been very ably urged that with the day-boy system life is too monotonous. This is true with

certain natures, and has often been well met by sending a boy into a boarding-house about the age of sixteen. Of course, too, it cannot be repeated too often that a home which is not a home of character is no home at all. In many homes the petty gossip of school-life is allowed to dominate the conversation; the sisters think it necessary to learn the football-shop; the mother knows the masters by their nicknames; the boy gains no freshness in such an atmosphere. But it is only homes where this is not the case that fulfil their proper function of offering wider interests and greater enthusiasms than a boarding-house. And where a boarding-house is obviously overshadowed by the influence of a really great man, as occasionally happens, no one could doubt that a few years' residence in such a society would improve the temper, widen the interests, and open the eyes of any older boy. Once a boy has a character of his own, and has acquired reading or thinking habits, the more he sees of other people's lives, and other people's ways of thought, the less trouble he will have in realising history, in throwing himself into fresh points of view, and in a word in jostling with the world at large. But many of our ablest public school men have picked this quality up by going to a boarding-house at the age of sixteen.

In conclusion, if it is necessary to remind good homes and the ever increasing body of well-educated mothers of the power they possess, and the duties they cannot delegate; on the other hand, it must never be forgotten that there are some good qualities that a period spent at a boarding-house invariably secures. Very

able authorities are of opinion that the stillness and quietude necessary for natural development of a boy of talent are lost nowadays in boarding-schools, not so much owing to the storm and tempest of the little world in which boys live there, as to the injudicious eagerness of schoolmasters who will not leave boys alone, but like to use up all their willingness to learn by teaching them in their own fashion, and smoothing their way over difficulties. The reply that such constant interference is inevitable, as the one safeguard against immorality is to fill up time either with work or play, they regard as exaggerated. No schoolmaster can wish to assert that it is not; the present writer believes that with proper structural arrangements, some selection of preparatory schools from which boys are received, and absolute determination to get rid of any tainted boy at once, good boys can be entirely screened from hearing of evil; but there remains the question what to do with the doubtful ones. They need to be interested; is the home or the "house" the best place for them? The answer to that question must depend on the character of both.

On one point it must be confessed the boarding-house far surpasses any home. It checks eccentricity; it unmasks that sham genius that a fond home mistakes for real; it teaches a boy to know himself; it removes affectation.

It is for these reasons that it is desirable that our public schools should have the admixture of both systems, so long as the masters will take the trouble to see that day-boys have a certainty of finding themselves recognised as equals in the community.

AT THE STATION ON AN AUTUMN MORNING.

From the Italian of Giosuè Carducci.

[THE first edition of the *Odi Barbare*, from which the following poem is taken, appeared in 1877: "No book," says Doctor Ugo Brilli, "has given rise to a controversy more ardent, more varied, more wide-spread, more serious, more learned, more fruitful of good results than the *Odi Barbare* of Giosuè Carducci." Into this controversy I do not propose to enter here, beyond noting that one German critic calls Carducci "the Italian Heine," and gives good reasons for the name. The strange mixture of romantic sentiment and startling realism is what will strike an English reader most, and it certainly renders the poems as unlike the rest of modern Italian poetry as they well can be. As to the metre, the example given will show that the poems attempt to revive in modern Italian the classical measures of antiquity. Carducci himself looked upon them as little more than experiments, and says, "I have called these Odes '*Barbare*' because such would they sound to the ears and minds of the old Greeks and Romans." Later on in his interesting and beautifully written preface he adds: "I have thought that if to Catullus and Horace it was lawful to introduce the metres of the Æolian Muse into the Roman tongue; if Dante was able to enrich Tuscan poetry with the *cave rime* of Provence; if Chiabrera and Rinuccini might add to its wealth the verse-forms of France, I ought in reason to be able to hope that for what constituted the praise of the great poets and verse-makers I have mentioned, I should at least be granted a pardon. I ask pardon also for having believed that the classical revival of lyric measures was not condemned and finally brought to an end, with the more unpoetical experiments of Claudio Tolomei and his school, and the slender attempts of Chiabrera. I crave pardon for not having despaired of our noble Italian tongue, believing it well fitted to do for itself what the German poets from Klopstock onwards have been doing with happy enough results for theirs; and I beg to be forgiven for having dared to introduce into our modern lyric measures some little variety of form, in which respect they are not by any means so well off as some of us seem to imagine."]

LAMP after lamp how the lights go trooping,
Stretching behind the trees, dreamily yonder;
Through the branches adrip with the shower
The light slants and gleams on the puddles.

Plaintively, shrilly, piercingly whistles
The engine hard by. Cold and grey are the heavens
Up above, and the Autumn morning
Ghostlike glimmers around me.

Oh quei fanali come s'inseguono
accidiosi là dietro gli alberi,
fra i rami stillanti di pioggia
sbadigliando la luce su 'l fango!

Flebile, acuta, stridula fischia
la vaporiera da presso. Plumbeo
il cielo e il mattino d' autunno
come un grande fantasma n' è intorno.

Whither and whence move the people hurrying
Into dark carriages, muffled and silent?
To what sorrows unknown are they rushing—
Long tortures of hopes that will tarry?

You too, oh fair one, are dreamily holding
Your ticket now for the guard's sharp clipping—
Ah, so clips Time, ever relentless,
Joys, memories, and years that are golden.

Far-stretching the dark train stands, and the workmen
Black-capped, up and down keep moving like shadows;
In his hand bears each one a lantern,
And each one a hammer of iron.

And the iron they strike sends a hollow resounding
Mournful; and out of the heart and echo
Mournfully answers—a sudden
Dull pang of regret that is weary.

Now the hurrying slam of the doors grows insulting
And loud, and scornful the rapidly-sounding
Summons to start and delay not:—
The rain dashes hard on the windows.

Puffing, shuddering, panting, the monster
Now feels life stir in its limbs of iron,
And opens its eyes, and startles
The dim far space with a challenge.

Then on moves the evil thing, horribly trailing
Its length, and, beating its wings, bears from me

Dove e a che move questa che affrettasi
a i carri oscuri ravvolta e tacita
gente? a che ignoti dolori
o tormento di speme lontana?

Tu pur pensosa, Lidia, la tessera
al secco taglio dài de la guardia,
e al tempo incalzante i belli anni
dài, gl' istanti gioiti e i ricordi.

Van lungo il nero convoglio e vengono
incappucciati di nero i vigili,
com' ombre; una fioca lanterna
hanno, e mazze di ferro: ed i ferrei
freni tentati rendono un lugubre
rintocco lungo: di fondo a l' anima
un' eco di tedio risponde
doloroso, che spasimo pare.

E gli sportelli sbattuti al chiudere
paiono oltraggi: schernuo par l' ultimo
appello che rapido suona:
grossa scroscia su' vetri la pioggia.

Già il mostro conscio di sua metallica
anima sbuffa, crolla, ansa, i fiammei
occhi sbarra; immane pe'l buio
gitta il fischio che spida lo spazio.

Va l' empio mostro: con traino orribile
sbattendo l' ale gli amor miei portasi.

My love—and her face and her farewell
Are lost to me now in the darkness.

O sweet face flushed with the palest of roses!
O starlike eyes so peaceful! O forehead
Pure shining and gentle, with tresses
Curling so softly around it!

The air with a passionate life was a tremble,
And summer was glad when she smiled to greet me;
The young sun of June bent earthward
And kissed her soft cheek in his rapture.

Full 'neath the nut-brown hair he kissed her—
But though his beauty and splendour might circle
Her gentle presence—far brighter
The glory my thoughts set around her.

There in the rain, in the dreary darkness
I turn me, and with them would mingle my being;
I stagger; then touch myself grimly—
Not yet as a ghost am I moving.

O what a falling of leaves, never-ending,
Icy, and silent, and sad, on my spirit!
I feel that forever around me
The earth has grown all one November.

Better to be without sense of existence—
Better this gloom, and this shadow of darkness.
Would I, ah, would I were sleeping
A dull sleep that lasted forever.

Ahi, la bianca faccia e' bel velo
salutando scompar ne la tenebra.

O viso dolce di pallor 'roso,
o stellanti occhi di pace, o candida
tra' floridi ricci inchinata,
pura fronte con atto soave!

Fremea la vita nel tepid' aere,
fremea l' estate quando mi arrisero;
e il giovine sole di giugno
si piaceva di baciare luminoso.

In tra i riflessi del crin castanci
la molle guancia: come un' aureola
più belli del sole i miei sogni
ricingean la persona gentile.

Solto la pioggia, fra la caligine
torno ora, e ad esse vorrei confondermi;
barcollo com' ebro, e mi tocco,
non anch' io fossi dunque un fantasma.

Oh qual caduta di foglie, gelida,
continua, muta, greve, su l' anima!
Io credo che solo, che eterno,
che per tutto nel mondo è novembre.

Meglio a chi l' senso smarrì de l' essere,
meglio quest' ombra, questa caligine;
io voglio io voglio adagiarmi
in un tedio che duri infinito.

H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

It is possible, though we are still unwilling to think it probable, that before these pages are published, the country may find itself committed either actually to a great war, or to a position of suspended relations not far removed from war. For the last three weeks the public mind has undergone endless fluctuations between hope and apprehension. To-day the mercury stands at its lowest in the glass. Ministers have demanded a vote of credit for six and a half millions for special preparations. The demand was made with phrases of ominous gravity. The Russian government is believed to be holding its ground stiffly. To attempt now to forecast the outcome is not much better than waste of time. The result depends upon men at St. Petersburg, in the Caucasus, at Pul-i-Khisti, at Cabul, but above all at St. Petersburg. The best-informed people in England have very little trustworthy knowledge of the play of parties round the Czar. In lack of that, it is impossible to calculate the future with any reasonable confidence.

Anything comes easier to men than suspension of judgment; and the graver the issue, the greater the readiness to hurry to a decision. The necessary uncertainty as to most of the facts of the Russo-Afghan crisis is partly answerable for the excitement of the last month. The ferment of opinion is constantly found in the inverse proportion to knowledge. Doubt as to the rights and wrong of the affair of the Khushk River increases public irritation; perhaps, if we knew the worst, we should take a calmer view of it than is possible while the material for judgment is so disputable and obscure. Fixed prepossessions rush in to fill the vacuum, and standing antipathies do duty for deliberate judg-

ment. All that is part of human nature; it is idle to moralise over it.

Since we last wrote, this dangerous incident on the Khushk has taken place, and it will undoubtedly be taken materially to alter the case, and to alter it seriously for the worse. Until Komaroff's attack upon the Afghans, the difference between the two Governments turned upon questions of delimitation, debateable zones, and disputable frontiers. From such issues as these it was hardly possible that war should arise, unless either of the two countries was deliberately bent upon war. Negotiation in Europe would have settled the zone of survey, commissioners would have pursued their investigations within it, and if agreement had been impossible, the matter was one eminently fitted for prompt decision by a neutral umpire. But the conflict at Pul-i-khisti raises a more delicate issue. And that is not all. That such a conflict should have occurred, in itself goes no small way towards showing that one of the two parties to the dispute has resolved either to have his own way, or else to make a quarrel of it. We have now the two versions of the story—not indeed in the most explicit shape imaginable, but sufficiently so to enable us to shape a decently satisfactory judgment—and it seems hard for any impartial person to avoid the conclusion that General Komaroff, presumably acting under orders from Donkakof-Korsakof or some other official superior, did enter upon a provocative course of proceedings, whatever that may ultimately amount to on a general survey of the whole situation. Even if we confine ourselves to the special pleas adduced by the Russians, their case is less than dubious and equivo-

cal. They are suspiciously vague. General Lumsden's story is precise. The Afghans had held a position on the left or west bank of the Khushk before March 17th. The Russian outposts had never been nearer than a mile to Pul-i-Khisti; Komaroff, for no reasons that have yet been made public, pushed forward 3,000 of his men face to face with the Afghans. This is an unexplained circumstance, and it is the key to the rest. As a consequence of that, the Afghans proceeded to strengthen their outposts, under "the military necessity of extending their defensive position." On March 27th the Russians, still ignorant of the truce, of which they are alleged not to have heard until the next day, made a reconnaissance, which could evidently have no friendly object, whatever the excuse for it may have been. What is the explanation again of this reconnaissance? Alikhanoff said it was a pleasure-trip; but a pleasure-trip which took him with a force four miles south of the extreme point where he had any right to be, was a provocation and a source of just alarm to the Afghans. It is surely no wonder that a proceeding of such a kind on the part of such a man as Alikhanoff produced a commotion. The next day the Afghans occupied a height commanding one of the flanks of the Russian camp, to give notice of further movements, but their post was withdrawn again on the day following (29th). Meanwhile, the Afghans from the time of the advance of the Russians in force to Ak Tapa, had, in the words of Lumsden as quoted by the Prime Minister, "thrown out vedettes to their front and extended their pickets to Pul-i-Khisti, on the left bank of the Khushk, and gradually strengthened it until on the 30th, the bulk of their force had been transferred across the river. In his opinion, that does not properly constitute an advance, but was the occupation of a more advantageous position." This, of course, is the crux of the Afghan

case. Was their transfer of the bulk of their force across the river an offensive or a defensive measure, justified by Komaroff's advance, Alikhanoff's pleasure-trip, and the rest? We do not see how there can be two opinions about that, among Englishmen who retain their capacity for reasonable judgment.

Now came the catastrophe. "On the 30th," says Komaroff, "to support my demands, I marched with my detachment against the Afghan position, counting still on pacific result, but artillery fire and cavalry attack compelled me to accept combat." In plain English, the Russians advanced to attack the Afghan position, and the Afghans were obliged to defend themselves. In what possible sense a general marching out with force against a position could count on a pacific result, it is hard to guess. Such a sentence inevitably rouses suspicion. At the best, it is highly unsatisfactory to find a commander, instead of definite military statements, falling back upon general words like audacity and arrogance. But let that pass. Let pass Komaroff's account of the successive steps between his advance in force and the final rout of the Afghans. Why did he advance in force at all? If the Russians had been sincere in their desire for a settlement with us, it could never have been sanctioned. There seems to be no reason whatever for discrediting the allegation of a correspondent with Sir Peter Lumsden. "The long and short of the matter is that the Russians believed that it was indispensable to deal a telling blow at the Afghans, if the Muscovite *prestige*, waning of late in the Turcoman country, was to be effectually restored, and as there was no justification for breaking the truce, a pretext had to be invented. The attitude of our allies was, in fact, studiously moderate. There is absolutely no colour for the pretence that their movements were irritating, much less aggressive."

What is serious in this, if, as we expect, it be the true interpretation of what has happened, is the temper and the policy that it indicates. It means that the Russian war party has got the bit between its teeth, and is indifferent either to comity or concord. We may minimise the incident as much as we please, but it is childish to minimise the practical moral of it.

So far all seems to be only too clear. But it is at this point—even if it be carried from a presumption to a demonstration that the Russian officers acting under orders were guilty of an “unprovoked aggression”—that an embarrassing suspicion comes into men’s minds. On the special issue, England is in the right. If we were thirsting for a fight with Russia; if we were prepared at all arms and with one or more effective allies; if we saw clearly how we were going to get at Russia, and to prevent her from ever doing us any more mischief; and if we thoroughly understood how a defeat of Russia’s present designs would secure our Indian frontier for a long period—then the attack on the Afghans and their rout would, as the world goes, be a very tenable plea for demanding impossible reparations and despatching desperate ultimatums. We venture to think that some of the advocates of peace conduct their case very badly in blinking all the facts and probabilities that make for what we may call the English view of the case. There is no virtue in being unfair, even to one’s own countrymen. On the special issue, we repeat, it seems to us that in complaining of Komaroff’s action, England has right on her side. But can it be possible that she is in the right, after placing herself in an essentially false position? That is the troublesome misgiving. The Russians may be as unscrupulous as possible; but are we putting ourselves at the strongest point for resisting them? Do we start from a coign of vantage? The position may be a false one in various respects. Perhaps it was a mistake to accompany the Boundary Commis-

sioner with what captious people might consider an excessive military escort. Was it prudent—if you intended not to pass beyond a policy of reasonable conciliation—to have all that blowing of trumpets at Rawul Pindi? Again, if we look at it more largely, our Afghan policy may be a mistaken policy on the merits. If not, if we are to fight Russia for the line of the Afghan frontier, we may not have made either the military or the diplomatic preparations that would on that alternative have been prudent or indispensable. In either of these cases we are in a false position, and in spite of our being right about the raid of the Khushk river, we have given the advantage to our adversary.

The difficulties of the case are well known, and they are hard to match. We have pledged ourselves to defend the territory of the Ameer; yet the Ameer has warned us that the people who live in it suspect and hate us; that if we enter it, we shall probably have a rising of our trusty allies against us; and that if we attempt to get a force into Herat, perhaps even if we only send a few British officers, the Heratis will declare against both us and the Ameer himself. We have, again, more or less definitely committed ourselves to the inclusion of this spot and that within the Afghan frontier. Then the Ameer suddenly warns us that he cannot hold them, nor be responsible for them, and that he does not want them, and we are left planted. But, if it be shown—so some will argue—that the right line on which to resist Russian projects for the invasion of India be the line of Herat and the Oxus, it would then be our business to make short work of our trusty allies, by reducing Afghanistan to the pacific condition of the Punjab. Perhaps; but as we have found out twice before now, this would be much more easily said than done, and would cost an enormous sum of money, which the Indian finances are singularly unprepared to support. Supposing this difficulty to be met, another

question has been put by a writer who knows what he is talking about.

"What," asks Mr. Archibald Forbes, "constitutes the strategical reasoning or the necessity for the conversion of Afghanistan into a British province? The present frontier-line is penetrable but at four points by an enemy in any strength, and demands to be watched at only those four points. The frontier of Afghanistan looking towards Turkestan is much more open to an enemy; we should have to picket it all along the line from the march with Persia to the Hindoo Koosh, even on the assumption that Russia would respect Persian soil. And to hold this line, and maintain reserves in its rear, would lengthen to a portentous extent our line of communications from our base in India. That base could not be shifted forward into Afghanistan, because Afghanistan is a country unfruitful in supplies for the maintenance of armies. We might mitigate this condition, it is true, by strategical railways, but at what a cost, and what a barren and even wanton cost when the alternative is regarded! We are a strange people. We are ever forward; and the paradox is that we are forward because of funk. We have been guilty of a similar daring panic in regard to the Soudan, and have struggled up through the Nubian desert to get at our foe, instead of affably placing the luxury of that experience at that foe's disposal."

So strong and plain are considerations of this kind, that we find at the back of the minds of nearly everybody of the warlike school, whether in England or Anglo-India, a very curious impression. They all really assume as the essential condition of the duration of Afghanistan as a buffer-state, not only that we shall have had a war with Russia, but that at the end of it, the war shall leave Russia driven back to the Caspian, broken, destroyed, and perhaps partitioned. In other words, the advocates of the buffer-state practically give up their case by postulating as a condition precedent that the Power against which it was to have been a buffer shall have in effect disappeared. If any man believes this, that England, not at the head of a European coalition, but alone, without Austria or France or even Turkey, is going to "smash Russia up"—to use the language of eight years ago—he is in a state of mind in which fact and reason have no bearings.

This, however, is not the time for

discussing things at large. If it should be the case that we have taken up what is substantially a false position, how are we to get out of it? That question is not easy to answer. But it is safe to say that war, waged under such conditions as seem to be imposed upon us by our European relations and our other engagements in various parts of the world, seems the least promising of all possible modes of extrication. That it would be popular at first, there is little doubt. The Russian government is profoundly disliked and distrusted in this country, as it ought to be. That was the sentiment that suddenly turned public feeling round from Mr. Gladstone in the autumn and winter of 1876 to Lord Beaconsfield by the summer of 1877. There is a strong impression that Russia has long played fast and loose with her engagements in respect to Central Asia. This may be a prejudice, but it exists. The old brutalities of Russia in Poland and her malign intervention against Hungary are not forgotten: people are not even willing to set off against them the benevolent intervention against Turkish misrule in the Balkan Peninsula. But the favour with which war would be at first regarded could only endure if the case were a thoroughly good case all round, regard being had to the great contingencies of the future, no less than to the narrow emergencies of the present. We have still to hear what such a case would be.

Undoubtedly one of the most formidable embarrassments of the central government arises from the pressure that is brought to bear upon it from the extremities and the frontier. Each province feels, judges, and acts as if the imperial authority had no other concern and no rival demand on its resources. Australia insists that we shall annex New Guinea for her, and New Zealand is as keen for Samoa. From Hong Kong we are told (April 11th) that "Lord Northbrook's statement as to the defences of Singapore

and the general disinclination of the Government to expend money on the navy and on our colonial defences have created an angry feeling." In India the military and official classes are wild with bellicose excitement, and their deliverances are quoted by the Excitables here, as if the opinion of Simla and Calcutta must be decisive. "For a month past," we are solemnly told, "it has been commonly believed here (Calcutta) that the Russian object is solely to gain time to push up troops and supplies; and the Ministry is often blamed for not having sent, in the beginning of March, an *ultimatum*, giving Russia a fixed time to choose peace or war." As if people at Calcutta had one bit better means of judging these grave matters than are possessed by decently-informed people in London. And as if they had not shown exactly the same temper and the same confidence when they declared enthusiastically in favour of the policy of the Afghan invasion of 1879—a policy for which nobody now finds a word to say, and which at any rate was essentially different from the policy that finds favour to-day.

Out of all this evil one piece of good at least has come. The wretched series of mistakes that began with the despatch of General Gordon to Khartoum, and reached a climax in the resolution in February last to destroy the power of the Mahdi at that place, is to be brought to an end. We are to hear no more of offensive operations in the Soudan, or of military preparations with a view to an early advance upon Khartoum. The whole of that uncommonly bad debt is to be written off as soon as ever circumstances will permit. The whole of the objects which the Government announced on February 19th have vanished into limbo. The rescue of the persons to whom Gordon felt himself honourably bound—the possibility of establishing some orderly government in Khartoum—the impossibility of excluding the slave

trade from our view—the question of aid to the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan—are all clean gone, as they may well go. And the most wonderful thing is that the very journals that were most violent against "scuttling," now assert with an adorable calm, which some have mistaken for consummate impudence, that they never were in favour of anything but scuttle, and that it is cruel calumny to say otherwise. Yet it was precisely these journals which fabricated the "public opinion" that, according to Lord Rosebery, made it impossible for the Government to adopt any policy save that which has to-day been mercilessly flung overboard amid loud and almost universal acclamations. Oh, vain minds of men! *O pectora caca!* Let us pass on with what composure we may to other matters.

The royal visit to Ireland, and the more important circumstance that the question of renewing the Crimes' Act will have to be dealt with shortly after Whitsuntide, are once more bringing Ireland back to its familiar place in the foreground of politics. On the royal visit, the only remark to be made is that up to this moment it has been singularly devoid of incidents of real significance. Even in those quarters of Dublin which are most hostile to the English connection, the Prince was received with respect if not with acclamation. In Cork, his progress was short and rapid, but there were symptoms that if it had been much longer the demonstration would not have been more agreeable. At Mallow, Mr. O'Brien, who represents a perfectly honest though passionate hatred of English misrule in Ireland, and who had been provoked by a foolish challenge in the *Times*, attempted to organize a Nationalist demonstration as the Royal party passed through the station. The police interfered, the Nationalists were driven out of the station, and another grievance was added to the list. The Prince of Wales is known

to be as manly as any other of the Queen's subjects, and perhaps it would have done no harm if a band or two had been allowed to play *God Save Ireland* in his hearing. It would at least have given more reality and an air of business to the whole affair.

To make any fuss about the success of the Prince's visit, or to raise a cry of triumph as the more silly of the Loyalists have been inclined to do, is perfectly futile. Mr. Parnell's power is the great thing, and this power seems to stand exactly where it did. Until the time comes when the influence of the Irish leader can be associated with executive responsibility in some shape or other, though the Prince's visit is extremely honourable to his own public spirit, there is no change in the hard facts of the situation.

Oddly enough, as it appears, the visit of the Prince has for some reason or another brought into circulation again the idea of abolishing the office of his host, the Viceroy. Nor is this circulation limited to irresponsible gossip. As everybody knows, Lord John Russell brought in a Bill for that purpose in 1850. As everybody does not know, but as some believe, Lord Spencer himself turned his thoughts in the same direction during his previous tenure of the most thankless of all public posts. On the other hand, Mr. Justin McCarthy brought in a Bill two years ago for abolishing the office of Viceroy, and enacting that the Chief Secretary should always be the representative of an Irish constituency. The debate of 1883 was very brief, but it was not without interesting features. Mr. Trevelyan, after enumerating the various duties imposed by statute and custom upon the Lord-Lieutenant, wound up by declaring it to be obvious that no one but a man well acquainted with Ireland, and constantly resident there, could perform such multifarious functions. Of course it must have occurred to every one who listened, that Lord Cowper, who had filled a

post that required acquaintance with Ireland during a most critical period, was not acquainted with that country at all. As much might be said of most of the Viceroys since the Union. A further question put by Mr. Trevelyan was—How could all these duties be discharged by a gentleman in an office at Storey's Gate, with a seat in the House of Commons, or by an official who was hurrying backwards and forwards between London and Dublin? But an Irish official of great experience and with the most intimate familiarity with the working of the administrative machine, and who was, if we mistake not, Mr. Trevelyan's own private secretary, has just published an article, in which he contends that in many of the most important departments of the State, the Viceroy has no authority to interfere; that these are the departments in which there is least friction and least agitation against them; that, so far as the duties of the Viceroy are exercised in conjunction with the Irish Privy Council, they are of a kind that might easily be exercised partly by the English Council and partly by the Home Secretary; that the most important patronage is already in the hands of the Crown, and that there is no peculiarity about the little that is left, such as demands the intervention of a deputy of the Crown; that the various departments under the control and management of the Viceroy—prisons, fisheries, lunatic asylum, the registrar-general—are strictly analogous to the same department in England, and need no special supervision; that the privilege of pardoning offenders and mitigating sentences, which has brought Lord Spencer into such odium, might just as well be transferred to the Home Secretary, as indeed is already done in the case of an Irish convict who chances to be deported to an English prison. But then the duties connected with the preservation of peace and order? The Viceroy has direct control over the military forces known as the Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and he can

call on the military for aid; he directs the movements of the seventy and more resident magistrates; he has extraordinary powers of quartering and charging extra police, of restricting the possession of fire-arms, of prohibiting meetings, and so forth. There is no reason whatever, says Mr. Jephson, why these duties should not be discharged by a Secretary of State. "Supposing, for the sake of illustration and argument, that certain counties in England were to become disturbed, and were ultimately to burst out into rebellion, it would be preposterous to imagine that a Viceroy would be created specially to restore order. Yet what would be universally acknowledged as preposterous in the one case, is in actual operation in the other, and people do not recognise the incongruity."

The Duke of Wellington's objection, which upset Lord John Russell's Bill for abolishing the Viceroyalty, was founded on the necessity for co-operation between the civil and military authorities in case of popular disturbance. It would never do, argued the Duke, to give any Irish agitator who might happen to be Lord Mayor that voice in military arrangements which is now safely given to the Viceroy. This contingency Mr. Jephson would provide against by giving the lord mayor or the mayor only a voice among the other magistrates; or else by entrusting the stipendiary magistrates of the district with the duty of conferring with the military authorities as to the proposed arrangements.

It is not necessary to argue out the case here. What is remarkable is that an official of the hated Castle should agree with Mr. Parnell's friends. Mr. O'Brien, for instance, told the House of Commons that whatever else were the results of the abolition of the Viceroyalty, he believed the people of England and of Ireland would be able to understand one another better; the Viceroy was neither sovereign nor subject, but the director of a vast network of secret and irresponsible

power of all kinds. Mr. Gray, however, resisted the proposal as removing a certain recognition of Irish nationality, and reducing Ireland still more completely to the condition of an English province; what he desired was to see a Viceroy independent of party, like a colonial governor, appointed for a term and not going out on a change of administration.

With these differences of view within the ranks of the party which must have an increasing share in settling Irish matters, we need be in no hurry to make up our minds. At first sight, it would seem that any change which tended towards the localisation of the Irish executive was retrograde, and counter to the dominant forces of the hour. What you want is, if possible, and so far as possible, both to localise and to nationalise the executive.

The tiresome operations and negotiations of France and China have come, for the moment at any rate, to a sudden and dramatic end. The French arms suffered a reverse, and the very day after the unpleasant news reached Paris, the Chamber, by an overwhelming majority, and with every circumstance of passion and contumely, destroyed the Ministry. In the elegant phrase of an irreconcilable journalist, three hundred pairs of boots kicked M. Ferry out of doors. The scene was profoundly unedifying. The Chamber had supported the policy up to the last moment. What happened at Lang-Son was a mere military incident of the policy: the Minister was in no sense responsible for it; the deputies and the public were only half-informed about it. The action must be pronounced vindictive, precipitate, and unmanly. M. Ferry has not shown so much consideration for this country, that we are not able to bear his disgrace with a reasonable degree of Christian fortitude. But from the point of view of equity, his case was hard, and from the point of governmental stability in the

Republic, there is much to deplore in the dismissal of the only decently stable administration that the Republic has yet had. M. Ferry came into power in February, 1883. Neither Thiers nor Gambetta had so long a Ministerial life. After the sudden fall of M. Ferry, his predecessor, M. de Freycinet, made a laborious attempt to form an administration. But all his persevering negotiations and ingenious combinations could not overcome the exigencies of some and the susceptibilities of others. Each group was more intent upon its special interest than on the working success of the whole. No strong sense of the necessity of union prevailed among the different sections, in face either of the enemy in the East, or the circumstances of the approaching elections at home. A combination of the various Republican groups was effected, not however with even the silent approval of the least extreme of the Extreme Left, but at the eleventh hour new pretensions were raised, and all fell to pieces. The President next applied in succession to two personages whose names are hardly worth remembering. One refused without trying the experiment, and the other tried but failed. Then the idea was favoured of what the French call a Ministry of Business, corresponding very much to King George III.'s cherished system of government by departments, as distinguished from government with the collective responsibility of a Cabinet. But this plan was speedily dismissed, and eventually a Cabinet was formed by M. Brisson. He had been one of the leading men of the Radical Left, until the post of President of the Chamber imposed neutrality upon him. M. Ferry represented the great group of the Republican Union, and as the Radical Left is a shade more advanced, the substitution of M. Brisson marks a move, whatever it may ultimately amount to, still further in the Radical direction. In the same way, the post of President of the Chamber, vacated

by M. Brisson, was filled by M. Floquet, the nominee of the Radical Left in co-operation with the Extreme Left.

The most unsatisfactory feature in the arrangement for us in England is the return of M. de Freycinet to the Foreign Office; a shifty egoist, who behaved shabbily in the negotiations about Dulcigno, Greece, and Egypt, and who may be trusted to lose no chance of wiping out his old Egyptian disgraces by new pretensions. While he was trying to form a Ministry of his own, he invited M. Spuller to join him. "I desire," he told M. Spuller, "to form a Ministry of energetic action abroad, and conciliation at home." A policy of energetic action abroad is about the most unpromising flag that could be unfurled at the French Foreign Office. The first effect has been felt in an alleged threat to send the French fleet to Alexandria, if we do not make reparation to the printer of the *Bosphore Egyptien*. If the French fleet is sent there on any such business, we predict that either three hundred pairs of boots will send M. Freycinet after M. Ferry, or else that some millions of electors before the summer is over will know the reason why.

Meanwhile, the military event that had made Paris lose its head, had no such effect upon the victors. With a grave self-possession from which fire-eating simpletons on the boulevards and in Pall Mall might take a lesson, the Chinese Government went on with negotiations for peace. The precise nature of these is still the subject of some mystification. The French Government were not so unwise as to insist either on washing off the stain of defeat in further bloodshed, or on the exaction of an indemnity which China would practically never have paid, and which would have kept up dangerous friction where it is the interest of the French in Tonkin to have a tranquil and friendly neighbour.

The bad impression that had been made by the circumstances of the fall of M. Ferry, made itself felt in a gain

for the Anti-Republicans in departmental elections a fortnight after. The gain was extremely slight, but it has sufficed to put a little heart into both Orleanists and Bonapartists. The Republicans will be exposed to a severe test when the general election comes. That election will be held under the new system of *scrutin-de-liste*. Just as we are resorting to the single-member district, the French are exchanging the single-member district for the departmental ticket. Will the Republican party concentrate its forces? Will the various shades unite on common lists, on which each shall be represented? Or will each group insist on submitting a list of its own particular colour, and so run the risk by division of letting in the monarchical enemy? Will the Moderate compromise himself by figuring in the same list with the Radical, and will the Radical decline to march under the same flag as the Opportunist? It is too early in the campaign yet to judge whether the fatal tendencies of French parties towards internecine conflict will once more prevail, or will at last be overcome by counsels of moderation and good sense. As we have said, M. Brisson represents a coalition of the groups to the Left. Some shrewd prophets, however, predict that before two months are over he will be caught between the exigencies of his allies of the hour and the attacks of the Right, and driven to lean for solid support on the old majority of the Opportunists and the Republican Union.

Prince Bismarck's seventieth birthday was celebrated with demonstrations of enthusiasm by his countrymen, which all the rest of Europe very well understands even though not quite ready to share in it. The triumphant Chancellor received thousands of letters and hundreds of telegrams; his door was encumbered with gifts; the aged Emperor, his master, visited and embraced him with tears in his eyes; and an ancestral estate was bought

back and presented to him out of a munificent national subscription from Germans all over the world. The recollection of old feuds and griefs, not yet extinct, was brought back by the attitude of some of the States of Southern Germany. They declared that they had expected the patriotic subscription to be used for some great commemorative national work, and not as a personal donation to a Minister who had already substantial marks of public favour in the grants of 1866 and 1871. A compromise was hit upon by devoting the surplus, after the purchase of the Schönhausen estate, to some national purpose to be indicated by Prince Bismarck; but some of the committees in Bavaria and elsewhere refused to be pacified and held back their money.

Prince Bismarck has been fifty years in the service of his State. King Leopold II. was born just fifty years ago, and Brussels has celebrated the event with official rejoicings, which have been described as showing on the part of the population the affection of reason rather than a delirium of the heart. The passions that were raised by the political events of September last are lulled, but not quite extinct. The Liberals are rapidly recovering from their unjust anger at the King's refusal to violate the constitution by withholding his assent from an Education Bill that had been approved by Parliament; and most Belgians, whether Clerical or Liberal, feel a certain modest satisfaction at the position in which the King placed their little country at the Conference in respect of the Congo.

A hundred years ago it was a favourite dream among enlightened people that if statesmen could only confer the gift of free government on nations the reign of orderly progress would have come, and civil confusions would be no more. Yet so hard has it been found to establish constitutions that will march and work, that constitutional reform is everywhere the work of the hour.

As we have said, an electoral change of the utmost gravity has just been effected in France, and in Great Britain too. A curious identity marks the problems of modern Europe. The Table of Magnates, or Upper House of Hungary, contains 800 members, of whom as a rule not more than one-tenth are found to take part in its proceedings. But last year it awoke from its slumber in order to defeat the Ministerial measure in regard to mixed marriages. This sally of reactionary life made reform necessary, and changes in the composition of the Table are now in progress. The body is not exclusively hereditary, but includes certain dignitaries, as well as thirty nominees of the Crown for life. Nobody seems to expect that the new reforms will make the Magnates either much more or much less in accord with the Liberalism of the Chamber, but a curious social result may very likely follow. One of the provisions is that a hereditary Magnate must possess lands that pay a direct annual contribution of about three hundred pounds sterling a year. This, it is said, will encourage marriages for money, and so will increase the political influence of capitalists—in other words of Jews, whose daughters (duly baptised) will be sought by the Magnates in marriage.

Again, like the Hungarian Table of Magnates and the British Parliament, the Swiss National Council has been discussing electoral reform and new registration Bills. It is proposed to require thirty days of domicile before putting a voter's name on the register; if a bankrupt seeks to be restored to his electoral privileges, he must show that his failure was due to ill-fortune and not to misconduct; if a man is in receipt of public relief, in some cantons he loses his vote, in others not, and this variety of practice will probably remain. Among other proposals that

strike the British politician as curious is one to make the vote compulsory; and another to allow voting by proxy, as is already permitted in Zurich. Our old friends, too, the Cumulative and the Limited vote, which are in such dejected plight here, are almost lively in Switzerland. The discussion is adjourned, and the law will not be settled until the month of June.

In Denmark, parliamentary government has undergone, for the second time within eight years, what here we should regard as a dangerously rude shock. The two chambers which exist in Denmark as everywhere else save Greece—in superstitious deference to the English model—could not agree about the Budget. A deadlock followed, and the end of the financial year was close at hand. The King prorogued the Rigsdag, and resorted to the curious expedient called the Provisorium. The Provisorium is a power conferred by the Danish constitution on the Sovereign, of levying taxes and duties, and authorising expenditure in case of emergency during which the chambers should chance not to be sitting. Obviously enough it was never designed that the chambers should be prorogued for the express purpose of making the device available. But as the provisional budget does not go beyond the limits within which the two chambers concur, no substantial harm is done in the special issue. That does not lessen the popular resentment. Not a single member of the Folksting, or Lower House, went to congratulate the King on his birthday; great public meetings are being organised; patriots will refuse to pay taxes that have not been voted by parliament; then the aid of the courts will be invoked, and the tax-collector and the recalcitrant tax-payer will implead one another, with constitutional results not yet foreseen.